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CARLYLEAN COURTSHIP.

BY E. THORNTON COOK.

CHAPTER VI.

JANE PLAYS SHUTTLECOCK.

BEREFT of Jane, Thomas Carlyle finished his translation of Legendre's *Geometry* and received his fifty pounds.

Emboldened by the vastness of the sum he moved to quieter lodgings, from the windows of which, over trees, hedges and the intervening Firth of Forth, he could see the low hills of Fife, and if he wrestled long hours with the stubborn German tongue he also walked, bathed and ran, trying to lay the demon that rent his tormented body.

He was working on a review of *Faust* with feverish energy, looking forward to the day when he could send it to Jane Welsh in all the glory of print. A wonderful tragedy it seemed to him as he pored over the pages, doubting whether even Shakespeare, with all his genius, had had sadness enough in his nature to enable him to delineate the thoughts of an overwrought man with his mind in chaos when all the secrets of nature were bared before him, as had done Goethe. Ah, these Germans ! They had muscle in their frames ! He wished Goethe were his fellow-countryman ; he wished, ah, how he wished, that he could claim as a friend this man who offered living proof that it was possible to reject outworn dogmas without sinking into materialism.

Turning a page he read :

*'Fear not that I will break the covenant ;
The only impulse now that sways my powers,
My sole desire in life, is what I've promised !*

*Let's fling ourselves into the streams of Time,
Into the tumbling waves of accident.
Let pain and pleasure, loathing and enjoyment,
Mingle and alternate as it may be ;
Restlessness is man's best activity.'*

The door burst open and Carlyle started up in surprise :
'Irving !'

'Away with your books, man ! For once you must play the part of listener. Your hat—your cloak if you have one. Come out ! Come out ! I've reached the turning-point in my career.'

Irving's excitement was infectious. A 'call' had come, and on the morrow he was to take the morning coach for England. What matter if his destination were an obscure chapel in Hatton Garden, one with so small a congregation that the guarantee bond required by the Church of Scotland might be a difficulty ? He would be free to deliver the message that was in him, free from the shadow of a man already great, free of the narrow ruling of a theology deeply suspicious of originality.

In the murky coffee-room of the Black Bull the friends read through Irving's testimonials and pondered how they would sound to English ears :

'I need not tell you what you will at once perceive,' ran that from a worthy Presbyterian who did not share the general opinion as to Irving's looks. 'The candidate is a large, raw-boned Scot whose appearance is rather uncouth, but I can tell you that his mind is as large as his body, and

that any impression produced by the young man's unprepossessing appearance will vanish as soon as he is known . . . His mind is gigantic . . . and he is sound in doctrine . . . He is honest, liberal, independent in his line, faultless in the discharge of his duties and exemplary in general deportment . . . I know no one who could fill the post more usefully and respectably.'

'That ought to help,' said Thomas Carlyle, looking at his friend with a smile.

'I appreciate it in all humbleness,' answered Edward Irving, then both laughed as Carlyle read the postscript aloud :

"This is my true opinion and meant to be understood as written."

The two talked till the small hours, for Irving made brave plans for the future. When he had found his footing in London, why should not Carlyle follow and make a bold bid for fortune? He was still embroidering the theme, when, in the chill dawn, it became necessary to climb to his place on the roof of the coach that would carry him south, and Carlyle returned to *Faust*, oppressed by the thought that the friend, who had been to him as an elder brother since the difficult days in Kirkcaldy, was being carried farther from him every hour.

Not till *Faust* appeared in the pages of the *New Edinburgh Review* was his gloom dispersed. Reading it through before posting a copy to Jane, he hoped she would not think it a paltry thing to have consumed two whole weeks of incessant labour; he must beg her not to look at it until she felt in a good mood, and to accept it, momentarily, in lieu of the four-and-twenty pages of a book for which she had asked.

Let her know that if *one* page of the book were written

nine-tenths of the difficulty would be over, explained the would-be author. Still, in due course it should be forthcoming; this he promised. If he failed to affect anything in his day and generation which would justify Providence for having given him life, it would not be through weakness of will; for the moment he was battling with a thousand difficulties. His ideas were in chaos, nor had he obtained mastery over his weapon, the pen, but he was persevering in the struggle. 'I will either escape from this obscure sojourn or perish,' vowed Carlyle, and told Jane that he was now facing life happily, since he felt he had a rallying-point—in two weeks, when he had finished some miserable encyclopædic compilations, he would come to Haddington: 'There are a million things to say and ask.'

Jane was startled. Mr. Carlyle's *Faust* pleased her, but the accompanying letter was certainly not one that could be shown to an anxious mother. Even to Jane herself it seemed a slightly ridiculous epistle. How could a stalwart Scot nearly six feet high talk about 'perishing' if he failed in writing a novel, tragedy, or anything else? Such language was rather for a soldier rushing into battle. Re-reading the letter the girl felt yet more annoyed; it savoured of mystery, which she hated, and was over-ardent in expression. 'He ought to have written to me as if I were a fellow-man interested in his welfare, one who for the sake of his talents has overlooked his faults,' sighed Jane, and sat down at her desk:

'If you cannot write to me as if you were married, Mr. Carlyle, you need never waste pen and ink on me more.' (That should give the young man furiously to think!) As for the projected visit, 'NO!' She shuddered at thought of the tittle-tattle his coming would occasion at Haddington tea-tables, where people were always eager to gossip about

her, and remembered that even yet Mrs. Welsh was still groaning over the scratches on the drawing-room fender. 'No, a thousand times "NO," Mr. Carlyle.' (How could she make this strange individual realise that infinite guile was necessary in approaching her ?)

Despite such cold comfort, Thomas Carlyle set out one chill Friday in February, determined to accomplish the sixteen miles which separated him from Jane, and pay a Saturday morning call.

A smiling Betty ushered him into the overcrowded drawing-room and an outraged Jane sprang to her feet. She was furious and made no attempt to hide her feelings. With such a man as this frankness was the only possible weapon.

Did he fancy that she had fallen in love with him ? Jane asked hotly. Was he entertaining the splendid project of acquiring her as a reward for his literary labours ?

'Really, sir, I do not deign for you a recompense so worthless,' cried Jane, sweeping a low curtsy. 'For me, falling in love and marrying like other misses is quite out of the question. I have too little romance in my disposition ever to be in love with you—or any other man—and too much ever to marry without !'

'But——' floundered Carlyle. 'But——'

But Jane would not let him speak. 'No !' she flamed. 'But this I will say. If you succeed in making yourself an honoured member of society—and for you the pursuit of literary fame is the only way of raising yourself from obscurity—then I will be to you a true and devoted friend—but not a mistress. A sister if you will—but not a wife !' Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shone like stars. 'Oh, why do you force me into making such horrid explanations ?'

'My feelings towards you are those of an honest man and a true-hearted friend,' interjected Carlyle, and Jane's mood changed suddenly.

'Were I a man I would not wait till others find your worth before saying in the face of the whole world, "I admire you—I choose you for my friend"—but I am a woman, Mr. Carlyle, and what is worse, a young woman—weakness and timidity and bondage are in that word!' She was adorable in her pathos, but with incredible swiftness this phase passed also.

'Hush!' whispered Jane with lifted admonitory finger. 'My mother!'

Half an hour later Thomas Carlyle withdrew with whirling brain. He wrote two long letters and burnt them, aware that the misuse of a word might sunder him from Jane for ever. Yet what was his offence?

Tentatively he offered a book. What better choice could there be than *L'Influence des Passions sur le bonheur des individus et des Nations*?—and asked humbly for some small word of encouragement. Without such he would be a wreck! Surely, Jane could forget the roughness of his exterior if she thought him sound within?

'Letters should exhibit the writer's soul. Let me write to you with frankness and from the heart,' he begged. 'The graces cannot live under a sky so gloomy and tempestuous as mine . . . Write to me and may the Great God of the Fatherless ever have you in his keeping.' After some consideration he signed himself 'Yours from the heart, Thomas Carlyle.'

Jane read this communication with immense relief. Evidently she had succeeded in reducing this extraordinary young man to order. Well, he should find what happiness he could in playing the part of tutor rather than that of

lover. She sent him her translation of an abstruse passage in *Don Karlos* asking for its revision, and Carlyle attacked the task with enthusiasm.

Jane's voice mocked him in his loneliness, but Jane's face laughed at him between the lines.

Oh, for that treasure which many seek without finding ; a friend, a bosom friend to be ours and ours alone, to have but one soul and spirit with us, to reflect back our every feeling, to love and be loved without measure. *Was Jane such ?*

He thought of her ; her dark eyes, her darker hair, the mobile lips and sparkling vivacity that had charmed him.

Meditatively, Thomas Carlyle lighted his pipe. Jane Welsh had gifts beyond the average, it might be that she possessed that divine spark called genius ; and women of genius could be as 'gey ill t'deal wi' as himself. Had Murray, or Mitchell, or even Johnstone come to him for advice when in similar case, Thomas knew well that he might have been brusque in his warnings.

'E'en let the bonny lass gang !' would have been his cry—but could such disloyalty be displayed against Jane ? No, a thousand times *no* ! Love would tame her, he told himself ; in her, heart would triumph and keep even genius under control.

Casting doubt aside and turning again to his task, Thomas Carlyle found himself trying to hum a stanza from Burns :

*' There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.'*

Forgotten was that bitter day when Margaret Gordon had bidden him an eternal farewell ; dark eyes had van-

quished blue ; Jane's wiles and brief tempestuous passions were infinitely more alluring than Margaret's soft acquiescence in the schemes of her worldly-wise aunt.

The corrected translation was returned to Haddington and, after keeping Carlyle in suspense for a week, Jane sent a gay note written in haste while her mother was calling her. 'Yes,' she was thinking of pursuing a literary career in all seriousness. What could Mr. Carlyle suggest in the way of fruitful subjects ?

Somewhat ponderously, but beguilingly meek, Mr. Carlyle bade her begin to write immediately. 'It is injurious to the faculties to keep poring over books without attempting to exhibit any of our own conceptions,' he told her earnestly, adding that if he could help to free her genius he would count it high reward. As to a subject, remembering her youthful attempt to construct a tragedy, why should she not take Boadicea as her heroine ? Mentally, Thomas Carlyle saw the invasion of the rude palace by Roman soldiery, the Queen beaten like a slave and her daughters maltreated, then her grand uprising when she assembled her oppressed people and bade them arm against the brutal invader.

Here was material in plenty for Jane's quick brain, nor would her imagination be trammelled by dry fact, since the customs of the age of Boadicea could be fashioned according to her fancy.

But, caught in the mesh of social life in sedate little Haddington, Jane's muse would not function ; perhaps because, hidden in her untidy work-basket beneath reels of cotton and skeins of silk, lay one of Edward Irving's rare letters. It was pleasant to be told that her friendship was the consolation of his life but bitter to know that, should he win renown in London, it would be Isabelle Martin, and not

Jane Welsh, who would join him there to share the pulsating life of the great city wherein Jane felt sure that she could have shone.

If Edward Irving could have freed himself from Isabelle's tentacles she, Jane, would have been thinking of a trousseau instead of trying to concentrate on Boadicea. *Yet had the man genius?*—the attribute above all others that was essential in whosoever should become the husband of Jane Baillie Welsh. The girl shook her head doubtfully and remembered Irving's squint; perhaps it was as well that his love for her had bloomed overlate and that Dr. Martin had held his daughter's fiancé to the letter of his bond.

The door opened. God be thanked for the interruption! Thrusting aside her tangled thoughts, Jane held out a welcoming hand.

'A game of battledore and shuttlecock, Dr. Fyffe:—By all means!'

Elf-like the girl leapt this way and that, for, conceited and limited as this strutting little man of medicine might be, he was a useful opponent.

'Twenty . . . thirty . . . forty . . . one hundred!'

Ping, ping, came the impact of cork on parchment, and still the shuttlecock flew between them.

'A hundred and fifty,' cried Jane . . . 'Two hundred!'

Breathlessly the pair desisted and Mrs. Welsh applauded.

'I am as proud of striking that shuttlecock two hundred times as if I had written two hundred admirable verses,' laughed Jane, her skirts billowing around her as she subsided on to a cushion.

She was young and spring was in the air. Visitors came and went, new frocks had to be bought and hats re-trimmed. Men came to take her riding or listen to her singing, and somehow Boadicea daily became more unattractive a theme.

But there, if it pleased Mr. Carlyle to sketch the plot for her he might, and perhaps she, Jane, would fill in the outline on a dull day. Perhaps, too, she would honour Edward Irving by visiting him in London; it might be amusing to watch him playing the part of worthy husband to an over-adoring wife. Despite her doubts as to his genius, Jane knew that Irving was the soul of honour. Could she have held him had she tried? Forcing her mind into another channel, Jane told herself that Isabelle should be for ever grateful for whatever happiness came to her through marriage; remembering Isabelle's claim she, Jane, had bade Irving leave her. Whether he had required that command or not had nothing to do with the point.

'Damn Boadicea!'

CHAPTER VII.

'THE WISH.'

An unexpected result of Irving's 'call' to London was the offer of a tutorship to Thomas Carlyle. Among the Hatton Garden congregation was a Mrs. Buller with three young sons to educate. She sought the advice of the new minister, who recommended Edinburgh University, under the guidance of his friend, and presently Thomas Carlyle, mellowed by the prospect of two hundred a year in salary, was called upon to meet the three young Bullers, who ranged in age from ten to fifteen.

Routine work began, but the morning hours were still his own, and day after day he sat at his desk striving to clarify his chaotic ideas and concentrate upon a single sub-

ject. Now, he found himself contemplating a series of biographies on eminent people, now planning an essay on the genius and character of Milton, and again jotting down notes for a life of Cromwell.

'I am twenty-six years old. The noontide of life is fleeting over me and the night cometh when no man can work,' he told himself, and looking at his disordered papers felt that he was beneath contempt.

Goading himself to a fresh effort, Thomas Carlyle took up his pen, swearing it were more honourable to build a dog-hutch than to dream of building a palace; work he would.

'Stephen Corry was born in the south of Scotland in a village called Ducktibs; he was the son of a mason' . . . But somehow, after the first few pages, the pen stuck. Carlyle dropped his head in his hands with a groan; there seemed no one path down which he could force himself; already his mind was wandering in a dozen directions, and he found himself visualising more literary projects than any man could hope to achieve in one lifetime. Yet what had he said to John a few weeks since at Mainhill?—'On looking over the world the cause of nine parts in ten of the lamentable failures which occur in men's undertakings, and darken and degrade so much of their history, lies, not in the want of talents, but in the vacillating and desultory mode of using them.'

And what of Jane? She had derided his suggestion of a Boadicean tragedy, refused to write an essay on Madame de Staël, and ignored him when he urged her to continue her translation of *Don Karlos*, though reminded that Coleridge was celebrated for his version of *Wallenstein*; yet perhaps she would collaborate with, and inspire, him?

He believed that he had a spark or two of the poetic

temperament and could jangle words at will. Suppose they two entered into a compact to produce a given number of verses upon subjects to be chosen alternately? Surely so persevering an effort would have good effect? He wrote a hasty challenge and discovered that the morning had fled. It was time for ten-year-old Reggie's lunch, the lunch that frugal Thomas Carlyle contrived to make serve as his dinner.

Jane and her mother came to town for the General Assembly. They shopped and paid calls, sat under Dr. Chalmers (who, having decided that if the fear of Hell could keep the crowd in order they could not have too much of it, was now thundering forth denunciations), and saw that wonder, the Panorama of Naples.

The days fled swiftly, and a happily wearied girl returned to Haddington, forgetful that she had failed in her promise to discuss poesy with Thomas Carlyle. Re-reading his letters, shame overwhelmed her and she vowed to mend her ways.

She would arise at five in the morning; she would read improving books, she would study German, French and Italian too!

Full of good resolutions Jane fell asleep, nor stirred till Betty called her at 9 a.m. Her head ached, she dawdled down to breakfast, after which the dog Shandy enticed her into the garden. Tiring of play, she picked up a volume of Chateaubriand—and fell asleep, to be awakened by Dr. Fyffe with a petition that she would sing to him.

*'I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell! Farewell!'*

trilled Jane, and could have wept because time was passing and she might never, *never* meet Lord Byron in the flesh.

It was late before the little doctor tore himself away, leaving Jane to dress for an 'odious' tea-party at which she would make no attempt to sparkle. What had she done since her return from Edinburgh, she asked herself, other than read a silly French novel and a dozen lines of 'Mary Stuart,' besides beginning to rewrite an Ode and the first page of two separate novels. In sober truth her most useful piece of work had been the mending of a tear in one of her new dresses. Was this the life that should be led by her father's daughter ?

'I *will* do better,' vowed Jane, and opened her desk. She would take up Mr. Carlyle's challenge ; she would write with determination ; she would contribute the fortnightly verses as he suggested. Let him set her a subject and he should see !

Meanwhile, what of himself ? It seemed pitiable that he should let the years glide by without making any vigorous effort to become known. She wanted her friends to be famous ; she wished to see those she loved happy, and filling the station in life for which Nature had designed them.

So great an advance made Thomas Carlyle almost joyful. He forgave Jane her idleness, even her failure to see him in Edinburgh (for which she had prettily excused herself), and for a first 'subject' he suggested two words—'The Wish.' Each was to describe in verse that which was most desired.

Such a theme offered no difficulties to Jane, who wrote in swift reply :

*'Oh, for a valley far away,
Where human foot hath never been,
Where sunbeams ever brightly play
And all is fresh and young and green.'*

*Oh, for a valley far away
Where human tongues ne'er uttered sound,
Where envy, hate and treachery,
Have never yet an entrance found.*

*There could I spend my peaceful days
With only One my fate to share—
One in whose soul's depths I might gaze
And find my soul reflected there !*

Carlyle's 'Wish' arrived by return coach :

*'With sighs one asks :—"O, might not, could not I,
From heartless bustle, dungeon-gloom of town,
With her to love me best, forever fly—
Mid still retirements, make my soul my own ?"*

*Clear as the summer sun our days might flow
And bright there end be, like that sun's farewell !'*

Jane declined to read anything personal into the lines, and, when replying, told of a certain Writer to the Signet who, having become possessed of a home and money, had just returned to Haddington seeking 'an agreeable young woman' to look after the cooking of his victuals and the strings and buttons of his waistcoats. Arguing that, as Madame de Staël had married twice, and Jane resembled her in intellect she also must be suitable for matrimony, it had been difficult to convince him that he would be better without her, seeing that no creature could digest such puddings as she would concoct, or wear any apparel of her stitching. 'But O Mr. Carlyle !' Jane ended, darting off in another direction, 'if I had your *genius*, your learning, and my own ambition, what a brilliant figure I should make !'

In the interludes between Charles Buller's questions, Carlyle pondered on Jane's meaning and longed to see her.

His estimate of his own powers was low at the moment, for once again a rat seemed to be gnawing at the pit of his stomach. It was Jane, not he, who possessed genius, and if only she would nourish her mind as he directed he believed that she would one day stand in the Temple of Fame, provided always that she did not yield to the importunities of eligible Writers to the Signet.

As for himself, he resembled nothing so much as a moth that had come flickering into his candle a few nights before. Certainly there was an analogy to be drawn between its fate and his own :

*'Tis placid midnight, stars are keeping
Their meek and silent course in Heaven ;
Save pale recluse, for knowledge seeking,
All mortal things to sleep are given.*

*But see ! A wandering night moth enters,
Allured by taper gleaming bright ;
A-while keeps hovering round, then ventures
On Goethe's mystic page to light.*

*With awe she views the candle blazing ;
A universe of fire it seems
To moth-savante with rapture gazing,
Or Fount whence Life and motion streams.*

*What passions in her small heart whirling,
Hopes boundless, adoration, dread !
At length, her tiny pinions twirling,
She darts—and puff !—the moth is dead !*

*Poor Moth ! thy fate my own resembles ;
Me too a restless asking mind
Hath sent on far and weary rambles,
To seek the good I ne'er shall find.*

*Like thee, with common lot contented,
 With humble joys and vulgate fate,
 I might have lived, and ne'er lamented.
 Moth of a larger size and longer date !*

*What gained we, little moth ? Thy ashes,
 Thy one brief parting pang may show ;
 And thoughts like these, for soul that dashes
 From deep to deep, are—death more slow.'*

CHAPTER VIII.

SHANDY IS CHAPERON.

Jane's good resolutions had effect. She studied persistently for several hours daily and practised Beethoven till her fingers ached and her mother was exasperated ; for recreation she wept over *Corinne*, finding it a book no one with heart or soul could fail to admire.

Mrs. Welsh refused to share her daughter's rhapsodies and ordained a round of family visits. Jane protested vehemently against the waste of time that should be devoted to improving her mind, but was driven to write a furious note to her dressmaker and renovate an old hat. Fume and fret as the girl might, she knew that her mother would have her way.

Once, it had been something of a treat to visit her grandfather at Templand ; now he struck her as a fidgety old man, and when the party was augmented by the arrival of an aunt and uncle from Liverpool with five squalling children just as the weather broke, the girl cried that she would go demented and be found hanging dead in her garters.

'How,' asked her perplexed grandfather, 'how, my dear Grace, did you contrive to have a daughter so very short, so very sallow, and altogether so very unlike yourself !'

Jane stormed out of the house, saddled a horse and rode till she was exhausted; upon her return she found her assembled relatives still watching the pitiless rain and wondering 'when it would be fair' as they placed more basins and tubs to catch the drippings that were forcing themselves through the ceilings.

'What the devil keeps my mother here?' cried Jane forlornly. She did not recover her temper until she succeeded in manœuvring Mrs. Welsh back to Haddington while there was still time to take seats in the 'Good Intent,' and coach to Edinburgh where George IV was at Holyrood in all the glory of a kilt.

Her quick eyes searched the streets. Surely, among this throng of eager people, she would see Mr. Carlyle? But he, as she might have guessed had she known him better, had fled from Edinburgh, infuriated by what he considered the fulsome flunkeydom of the city fathers, who, by placard, had appealed to the populace to appear as well dressed as possible on this auspicious occasion, 'black coats and white duck trousers' being the approved wear, 'if at all convenient.'

The fields and hills of Annandale seemed fresh as the newly dug emerald to Carlyle after the stench of Edinburgh's streets. Breathing the clear air of his native heath, he thought of Jane and vowed again that he would make himself known in literary ranks. Was she working steadily these hot summer days and did she realise that her chosen career, if beset with griefs, was the career of the great and noble-minded among men? God bless her! If he did not live to see her famous he would die disappointed.

His father watched him silently as he wandered over the fields. The old disappointment that this son, in whose

brain he believed, should not have dedicated himself to the Church still rankled, but at least Thomas was now launched in the world and earning two hundred a year. A round, solid sum, that, one for which a man would submit to much, thought James, remembering his own just pride when in a twelvemonth he had once earned nearly half that amount.

These were busy days on the farm, and from dawn till dark the family worked hard. Thomas was amazed at the ceaseless drudgery, but at night when the others slipped off to bed and he lit his pipe his mother would fold her worn hands and sit near him. 'Gey ill to deal wi' her son might be at times, but she loved him, and when, in fear for his body or soul, she ventured a word of warning he answered her in a way she could understand.

'Don't despair of your *ribe* of a boy, mother. Shy and stingy he may be, and with a higher notion of his parts than others have, but he's harmless and possesses the virtue of his country—thrift. Wait. He'll *do* something yet.'

The peaceful days were restorative in effect; the rat ceased its gnawing and Carlyle felt again the dignity of manhood.

When Mrs. Buller summoned him back to Edinburgh he went willingly, eager for work, and, during the three hours of freedom which were his every morning, he sat at his desk battling with the opening pages of a novel. The hero should be of middle rank, gifted, but weary, wretched and ill-natured. He should speak with a tongue of fire, but beneath his veneer of sarcasm he must be a man of lofty thought and generous affections. Trouble should bring him to the verge of suicide; then, at the eleventh hour, the heroine would appear. She must have Jane's *espiègleries*—Jane's loveliness; she might laugh at him, but then grow serious.

Carlyle wrote, rewrote, read—and tore up all he had written. To make the book a success it should be in the form of letters, and those from the heroine ought to be written by Jane. It must be done, it could be done, but not until he and Jane were nearer.

What was she doing? Bending over Rollin, perhaps, with her maps spread around her? Was he a barbarian to have set such a soft, gentle, spirit so harsh a task? But he knew no primrose path; perhaps he might suggest a holiday when she had reached the seventh volume!

Meanwhile he would write a story for her.

When Jane received the offering she found a heroine patterned on herself as Carlyle saw her . . . 'A slender, delicate creature with black hair and eyes . . . her face as pure as are the lilies. Oh, never was there such another beautiful, cruel, affectionate, wicked, adorable, capricious little gypsy sent into this world for the delight and vexation of mortal man.'

It was a lovely story, thought Jane, re-reading it so often that she knew phrases by heart. She would give her pearl necklace, yea, and four-footed Shandy too, if she could write as well!

How incredible that only eighteen months had passed since she had first met Mr. Carlyle. She gathered Shandy's head into her arms, asking him if he remembered the first coming of that uncouth, sprawling individual? 'Yet, if ever I succeed in distinguishing myself above the common herd of little misses, the honour of my success will belong to Mr. Thomas Carlyle,' she told the dog solemnly.

Mrs. Welsh entered the room and Jane looked up intent on battle. 'Mother, when are we going to stay in Edinburgh?'

'Not at present with all the jam there is to make,' answered

Mrs. Welsh firmly, and attempted a *divertissement* by enquiring why her daughter had cut her hair in the new, but exceedingly unbecoming fashion, and for what reason she had been sewing her bodices to her skirts :

'To save time for my studies, mamma,' answered Jane with dangerous sweetness ; and how it came about Mrs. Welsh never understood, but before she left the room Jane had beguiled an invitation out of her. Yes, Mr. Carlyle might come.

'It's a twelvemonth since we met,' said Thomas Carlyle reproachfully.

'You are now gathering the fruit of my restrictions,' laughed Jane. 'Had you come on your own invitation, or mine, you would have been met with cold looks and I should have been on thorns till you left.'

Mrs. Welsh, having dispensed tea graciously, withdrew, intent on the perusal of a new book thoughtfully provided by the visitor ; Carlyle had intended bringing Jane a gift also and had hoped to see her eyes sparkle when he presented Byron's latest poem, but the booksellers' shops were ransacked in vain ; the Vice Society was hard on the poet's trail, and wary men hesitated to stock his works.

Now, the pair sat with a pyramid of history books between them and Shandy as a chaperon.

Girl and dog made an attractive picture in the firelight and Jane was in gentle mood. Carlyle listened with delight while she praised the tale he had submitted with misgiving.

'Go on ! Write others,' she urged.

'With all my heart so you go with me,' he promised. 'What a day when *our* book is given to the world !'

'What am I to write about ?' asked Jane in unwonted meekness.

'Obey the impulse of your own genius,' Carlyle told her, but Jane shook her head.

'I have no heart to set about building my house on a foundation of sand,' she answered. 'Mark out some spot that will not give way beneath my labour—then I will go on *con amore*. Without that, no sooner do I concoct something like a plot than I realise its imbecility and cast it away for another, which, within the hour, seems no better than the first.'

'Don't get into such a turmoil about your writing,' begged Carlyle.

'I'll die in a few years without having written anything,' wailed Jane, 'die and be forgotten! Don't laugh at me, Mr. Carlyle.'

'I do not laugh at anything which makes you unhappy,' he answered, genuinely disturbed. 'Believe me, if my power were equal to my willingness your difficulties would be speedily removed. As it is, you must cultivate the virtues of patience and self-command.'

'I have engaged myself in a pursuit that I no longer have power to give up, yet sometimes I believe myself the greatest ass in God's creation,' cried Jane stormily.

'You've been reading that blubbering numskull D'Israeli,' said Carlyle, guessing at the truth. 'His *Calamities of Authors* has sunk your spirits. Hang the fellow! Believe me, if one chose to investigate the history of the first twenty tattered blackguards to be found stewing in drunkenness and squalor it would not be difficult to write a much more moving book on the calamities of shoemakers, street porters, or any other craftsmen.'

'D'Israeli is enough to give one the blue devils for a twelvemonth,' admitted Jane.

'Literature has keener pain connected with it than any

other vocation,' asserted Carlyle, 'but then I verily believe it has nobler pleasures. Do not vex and torment yourself. You must acquire far more knowledge before your faculties have anything like fair play. When I was your age I had not half your skill. Rousseau was over thirty before he suspected himself of being anything more than a thieving apprentice—he composed every sentence of his "Nouvelle Héloïse" five times over—Cowper became a poet at fifty——'

'If I were only sure that Fame is within my reach—however distant—however difficult the path—I could be happy, but I'm *not* sure,' interrupted Jane.

'The love of Fame will never make a Milton or a Schiller,' answered Carlyle gravely. 'It is the interior fire, the solitary delight which our hearts experience in these things, and the misery we feel in vacancy, that must urge us on, or we shall never reach the goal.'

'But——' interrupted Jane.

Thomas Carlyle's eloquence could not be stemmed by an interjection: 'Do not imagine that I make no account of a glorious name,' he continued, with fire in his eyes. 'I think it the best of external rewards, but never to be set in competition with those within. To depend for happiness on popular breath is to lie at the mercy of every scribbler. It is the *means* to Fame, not the end, that stirs me. If I believed that I had cultivated my soul to the very highest pitch that Nature meant it to reach, I think I should be happy and my conscience at rest; I would actually *be* a worthy man whatever I might seem. It is an indisputable truth that there is nothing lasting in the applause of others.'

'Fame to me is more than the mere applause of a world of people whose individual opinions I should probably consider not worth having,' said Jane, stemming the tide

of Carlyle's eloquence with difficulty. 'It is something that shall extend my being beyond the narrow limits of time and place—it is to bring my heart into contact with hearts that Nature has cast in the same mould and so enable me to hold communion with beings formed to love me, and to be loved by me in return, even when I am divided from them by distance or death itself. I want to be loved as well as admired. To be loved as I love Schiller and De Staël. Indeed, Mr. Carlyle, unless I believed that fame was to bring this about I should not much value it.'

'I am as sure that Nature has given you qualities enough to satisfy every reasonable ambition as I am of my own existence,' vowed Carlyle. 'You will gain both the laurels of intellectual reputation and what our Schiller calls the crown of womanhood—the making happy the heart of man,' he added hoarsely. Dare he tell her of that vacant mathematical professorship at Sandhurst for which he was applying—with a salary of two hundred a year plus house, garden, coal and candles?

Ah, marriage with Jane Welsh would be the most turbulent and incongruous thing in the world! A mixture of honey and wormwood, the sweetest and the bitterest—at one time clear sunshiny weather, then a whirlwind with hail, thunder and the lashing of furious storms all mingled together in the same season. And perhaps, he told himself with sudden clearness of vision, the sunshine would be the most minute in quantity! Yet—

Jane opened her Rollin as Mrs. Welsh entered to ask if Mr. Carlyle would be kind enough to order her a copy of *Delphine*, to which Jane added a demand for Boccaccio. A short time before Thomas Carlyle would have hesitated to fulfil such a commission, now he decided that Jane should venture where she would. Impurity might darken

her mind for a moment, like breath on a mirror, but such would not harm her. Besides, other women read such books. Had not Mrs. Buller spoken of Boccaccio without a blush?

'Good night, Mr. Carlyle,' said Jane, and he left happy with the neatly written pages of her childish attempt at a tragedy in his pocket, and a growing determination to win her collaboration in his projected novel. It was good to know that he might spend some hours with her on the morrow, and better still to remember that she would be coming to Edinburgh in a fortnight. With quickening pulse he asked himself whether his eloquence would triumph did he ask her to fly with him to some distant glen where they could be for ever alone? Then a wave of caution assailed him. Glens were places of idleness and privation, and rest must be purchased by toil. The mind's need was vigorous action.

CHAPTER IX.

JANE GOES TO EDINBURGH.

Carlyle, returning to Edinburgh on the coach 'Good Intent' behind such excellent post-horses that the sixteen miles were covered in three hours, found a letter from Irving awaiting him in his Moray Street lodging, together with an enclosure describing his friend's amazing success in London. The little Caledonian Chapel in Hatton Garden was filled to overflowing Sunday after Sunday. Youth flocked to listen to him; the carriages of fine ladies blocked the way, and once the Duke of York had been seen in a front pew. Casting aside the newspaper clipping, Carlyle

opened the letter and his eyes fell upon a paragraph that electrified him.

One of Irving's congregation was an editor, and Irving had succeeded in interesting this man in the series of biographies Carlyle had meditated writing. Would he care to make a beginning with the life of Schiller and send it to Mr. Taylor of the *London Magazine*?

Thomas Carlyle wished that he could coach back to Haddington on the 'Good Intent' to see the sparkle in Jane's dark eyes when she heard his news.

Instead, he sat down at his desk. Dogs barked in the street, children quarrelled, a gale tossed the trees and the Firth of Forth moaned. Carlyle wrote and rewrote.

The hours that he was compelled to devote to instructing the young Bullers distracted his thoughts, and he returned to his rooms to read and burn whatever he had left upon his desk. There were days when words would not come and he raged at himself as a pithless ninny. Why could he not either write as a man should, or honestly give up the attempt and beat out his brains?

'Commend me to the Dutch virtue of perseverance,' he exclaimed, pacing his room. 'It is the very hinge of all virtues; without it the rest are little better than fairy gold which glitters in the purse, but when taken to market proves to be slate or cinders.'

Slowly, and with infinite travail, the book was begun. With Jane's last letter in his pocket, Carlyle walked far that night and climbed hills rejoicing. She was coming to Edinburgh at last—Heaven grant that the Bullers did not carry him off to the Highlands before her arrival!

Carlyle returned to his desk with fresh impetus; the task must be finished before Jane came. He urged her to invent some employment that would necessitate a stay of

a month with Bessy Stodart, and to study German seriously so that he might be for ever at her side as tutor.

Jane wrote happily, now of a youthful beggar whom she hoped to help towards fame ; now of her dismissal of Boccaccio and determination never to open him again, and now on her mother's behalf 'praying Mr. Carlyle to buy her half a pound of mustard.'

Occasionally, she wrote of marriage in the abstract, or as desired for her by various relatives. Surely it would be easier to be the Prime Minister, or a Commander-in-Chief, rather than an extremely eligible maiden who could not fall in love to order. 'But there, matrimony under any circumstances would interfere with my plans most shockingly,' explained Jane gravely.

Reading such will-o'-the-wisp-like epistles Thomas Carlyle wondered how his protégée's literary studies were progressing. Did she, too, sweat and toil, and keep laborious vigil, to extract an ingot of solid pewter from the tortured melting-pot ?

One thing he swore : he must never lose sight of Jane in this world or the next.

'Come, Jane, come ! There are nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine things to say to you and as many to hear. Come, Jane !'

Jane came, captivating in new frocks, brimming with enthusiasm for Carlyle's Schiller translations, and ready to listen to the various projects he laid before her with shining eyes. Why should not she prepare a book of *Tales from the German* ? It ought to be possible to interest Boyd, the publisher who was then negotiating with Carlyle for a translation of *Wilhelm Meister*. Could not Jane imagine a beautiful volume for which, perhaps, she would like Thomas Carlyle himself to write a preface ? Or would she prefer

collaborating in a novel ? He and she together could surely create such a hero and heroine as the world had never yet known.

'I wish to God the alacrity of your execution were equal to the boldness of your projects !' exclaimed Jane.

'Oh for one solar day beside you !' cried Thomas Carlyle.

'*Oh that I were free !*' whispered Jane, for Mrs. Welsh was calling her already. 'Yes, mamma—coming, mamma !' With frowning brow but laughing mouth she cast a backward glance at Carlyle and fled.

Jane's sparkling looks alarmed her mother. Before many days passed she came to a firm conclusion that it would not do to leave this difficult, too beguiling daughter behind in Edinburgh when she herself went to Dumfriesshire as originally planned. Jane fought strenuously, but was vanquished. The Elysian time to which she had looked forward for months ended abruptly, and for all her contrivings she and Carlyle had but four brief, interrupted meetings.

'I wish I could fall asleep for a twelvemonth,' wailed the girl, and Carlyle's attempts at comfort were abortive. He saw Jane as an eagle condemned to mix with creatures of a lower grade, but in him filial sentiment was strong ; Mrs. Welsh meant well, and her daughter must obey with a cheerful heart, even while praying for the time when they two would be independent of other people and free to be to one another all that Nature had intended.

The round of visits ordained by Mrs. Welsh began, and argue as Jane might, study, or regular reading of any kind, was made impossible. Thomas Carlyle sent book after book, but they were rarely forwarded from Haddington ; even letters were delayed and sometimes lost. Once a post-mistress recognised the girl as she was travelling from Thornhill to Dumfries and flung a precious epistle into Jane's lap

as she sat in the coach pinned between two stout gentlemen intent on discussing bullocks.

Carlyle's short supply of patience was evaporating. If Jane could not influence Mrs. Welsh to let her return to Haddington and her studies by fair means, other methods should be tried. She must not submit any longer to constant obstruction, but make herself so difficult a visitor that prolonged stay anywhere would become impossible. 'Ride your host's horses to death,' he urged, 'dispute every word that is uttered . . . do not accept a lot cast among inane people. . . . Suppose this genius that is in us—for there is a kind of genius in both of us, I would swear it on the Evangel—suppose it were developed fully and set before the world! Fame and wealth enough and peace and everlasting love to crown the whole! Oh, my Jane, what a life were ours. . . . But we are foolish persons, both far too ambitious—can we ever be happy? One thing is certain—I *will* love you to the last breath of my life, come of it what may. There is nothing I fear but *for* you' . . .

Jane's heart beat fast. As the coach jolted over the uneven road she tried to scribble an answer, but even to her own eyes the resulting scrawl was illegible, and she prayed that she would be able to steal a few minutes for herself at Dumfries. Alas, the horses were waiting and she had to mount immediately for her twenty-mile ride into Galloway, knowing that from her ultimate destination there was but a weekly post. Should she miss this, no letter could go forth to Thomas Carlyle until she reached Templand days hence, after another ride of almost double the length, yet she had a thousand things to say!

As she rode, Jane told herself that Thomas Carlyle was the only living soul that understood her and his letters were her sole joy. Oh, when would the Wheel of Destiny

turn : When would the world realise his worth, as she did ? When would his genius permit him to take his rightful place ? She would wish him Fame every hour till there was no further need for such a wish ! For the hundredth time she remembered their first meeting ; it marked an epoch in her life. Then, she had been a miserable, stricken girl, mourning the loss of her father and grieving helplessly in that the mind he had cultivated with unremitting care should be running to waste. Now, there was once again someone loving her who spoke the language of genius and prophesied a glorious future. Thomas Carlyle had given dignity and interest to her life ; in return she must need love him !

‘Oh, I *will* study !’ cried the girl, swaying her lithe body to the movement of her horse. Four hours a day ? No—six or eight if Thomas Carlyle wills it !

Jane’s usually too pale cheeks were flushed when she dismounted into her uncle’s arms at Boreland. They were crimson that evening when, for the first time, she heard some of Carlyle’s contributions to Brewster’s *Encyclopædia* criticised and praised ; she felt that had anyone glanced at her they would have imagined her to be the author. If only she could go home and begin steady work Jane felt she would be happy, indeed life would be bearable if the date of return were fixed. With fingers itching to pack, Jane swore to take Thomas Carlyle’s advice and plague everyone about her. To ‘wait a wee, and wait a wee, and maybe no get what ye’re wanting after a’ ’ was too bitter to be borne.

Jane’s oft-delayed letter followed Carlyle to Dunkeld, where he had taken up his duties as tutor to the young Bullers, and was fretting himself into a fever, believing that he had offended her. Dismissing the boys, he walked down

to the river and read it marvelling : Jane loved him ! Jane, the most enchanting creature he had ever met.

‘Thank God, it is not a dream,’ said Thomas Carlyle in all humbleness, and swore that come what may she should be his, as he was hers, through life and death and all the dark vicissitudes that might await them. ‘Woe, woe to me, if, by any act of mine, I bring unhappiness to my heart’s darling,’ said Thomas Carlyle to the stars above the Scottish hills.

(To be continued.)

EHEU, FUGACES. . . .

*When on the fullness of the plangent tide
The old, who are so deep endeared, depart
Into the silence, ageless, unespied,
Not merely laceration of the heart
But an unaltering emptiness will be
Along the noon and evening of our days ;
Then we shall stand alone, with none to see
Through memory’s eyes our childhood, none to praise,
And we who now can bring the hopes and ploys
Of busy life to eager, loving ears
Will more and more be listeners with our joys
In others rooted as their manhood nears,
Till at the last we find ourselves the old
And all our strength a story that is told.*

GORELL.

THE MASTER OF NONSENSE.

BY R. L. MÉGROZ.

EDWARD LEAR's public to-day does not consist entirely, and probably not even mainly, of children. Adults have kept appreciation alive while nurseries have been distracted by ever-increasing diversions—mechanical, literary and artistic. The truth is that Lear's nonsense drawings and verses offer plenty of scope for adult appreciation, possibly for a wider and deeper appreciation than they have yet received. At least it is a fact that many people to-day know nothing at all of the industrious Victorian artist who apparently by accident became a nonsense author for children. A surprising number of those who do not just look blank when he is mentioned can recall only his collections of limericks, *Nonsense* and *More Nonsense*. Such people are inclined often to prefer later and more polished limericks, forgetting to distinguish between the true nonsense, which is precious, and the pointed wit, which is, even when deserving the name of wit, comparatively common; forgetting also that it is a too severe trial of this *genre* to read through a whole collection of limericks as one reads an ordinary book, even when they are as perfectly illustrated as Lear's. Certainly too many people have forgotten the variety of Lear's nonsense, and the beauty which it achieves every now and then in words or in drawings.

This being so, no wonder Lear's influence is little realised. The debt of later nonsense artists and writers to him is immense, for in the world of pure nonsense, which may be described as pure phantasy, Lear is unique and outstand-

ing. So much recognition has been accorded in this age to the great Victorians, that the realisation comes with a shock of surprise that Lear was one of the greatest of them all, if originality and permanence of achievement be the proper test of greatness.

It might be said that his life was a quiet one, though not exactly uneventful, since even a modern traveller would feel respect for his indefatigable itineraries. Lear was indeed a quiet man whose time was divided between work and the claims of friendship. The two volumes of his *Letters* edited by Lady Strachey show that he gave himself without stint to both. A reading of the *Letters* and the brief published accounts of his life (most of the information for which is in a letter written by himself) reveal a lovable person who worked hard and suffered much from melancholy and a sense of frustration. He had the makings of a much greater serious artist than he was, and of a poet as fine, let us say, as his friend Tennyson. External circumstances and certain peculiarities of his temperament which would not be obscure to a psychologist appear to have stifled his creative energy in those normal directions, but the power of his genius achieved a partial expression along a channel which it found almost haphazardly, when he began making comic drawings and rhymes to amuse the Earl of Derby's children.

The youngest of twenty-one children in his family, Edward Lear was born on May 12, 1812, at Highgate, and died on January 29, 1888, in San Remo. His family was Danish, and had settled in England and become naturalised towards the end of the eighteenth century. They were poor, and Lear lost no time in earning money. In his own words: 'I began to draw for bread and cheese, about 1827, but only did uncommon queer shop-sketches—selling them for prices varying from ninepence to four shillings: colour-

ing prints, screens, fans; awhile making morbid disease drawings for hospitals and certain doctors of physic. In 1831, through Mrs. Wentworth, I became employed at the Zoological Society, and, in 1832, published *The Family of the "Psittacidae,"* the first complete volume of coloured drawings of birds on so large a scale published in England, as far as I know . . .

This is a very casual account of a remarkable beginning to an artistic career. It bristles with interesting questions. Those 'uncommon queer shop-drawings' may have pre-saged the later nonsense drawings, and the style may have been acquired from a study of the eighteenth-century broad-sheets, in which a naïve art well adapted to crude woodcuts flourished and as late as this century inspired the Lovat Fraser style of illustration. The anatomical drawings lead straight to Lear's zoological drawings, in which he was apparently the first important artist. His work at the Zoological Society and the notable collection of *Psittacidae* (Parrots) caused the Earl of Derby to employ him to draw the birds in the menagerie at Knowsley. He illustrated also Gould's *Indian Pheasants* and works by other zoologists involving reptiles and animals. The Earl of Derby became an influential patron of the young man and Lear spent the best part of three or four years at Knowsley.

The employment at Knowsley proved helpful to Lear professionally, not only by continuing his zoological studies in comfortable circumstances, but through his personal contacts with other wealthy and influential people, many of whom became subscribers to his expensive books of classical landscapes which soon afterwards he made the mainstay of his livelihood. One can well imagine that illustrations for scientific books of natural history, however good of their kind, would provide the artist with only starvation rations,

except when he could stay with such a patron as Lord Derby. But that branch of his work proved Lear to have been a competent draughtsman with an artistic flair for non-human life. Most of those zoological books with his illustrations are rare to-day because there is no demand for them, but the illustrations are often obviously of permanent value. His brilliant Parrots must always give pleasure, and his Tortoises and Turtles, for example, are gorgeous creatures, for he delighted in the patterns and colours of their polished shells, while making careful drawings that would be approved of by experts. In other words, one finds behind the draughtsmanship a vitality that comes from the artist's pleasure in his subjects.

It is this combination of factual knowledge and artistic verve which explains the superiority of Lear in so many nonsense drawings. Generally speaking, the human figures are sheer nonsense, true enough to something in the artist himself, yet marvellously child-like in manner (though much better drawn than anything done by a child); while the non-human forms constantly reveal a highly sophisticated technique subdued to the nonsensical *élan*. This peculiar skill with the non-human forms is well shown in the wonderful *Nonsense Botany*, where you feel that every one of those absurd plants ought to exist, if not already in existence! You may call them parodies of plants, but many a realistic representation of an actual plant is less alive and 'real.'

Lear's purely zoological drawings have their counterpart in his careful landscape pictures, which he himself termed mere 'topographies.' His devotion to clear and accurate detail, his avoidance of suggestion or evanescence of impression, such as Turner, for instance, would exploit in clouds and misty light, may have been encouraged by his devotion

to the Pre-Raphaelite ideal of honesty in detail (though we must not forget that the greater part of what is supposed to be Pre-Raphaelitism was the invention of Ruskin). Lear declared himself a Pre-Raphaelite in his sympathies, but the ultimate effect of his classical landscapes is that of a rigid formalism strictly adhering to an established convention. Only in the sketches which he made in the open does one find the freedom of individuality which might have been embodied in more important works. In some ultimate estimate of Lear's serious pictures, his water-colours may emerge with his rough pen-and-pencil sketches above the majority of those more elaborate compositions of historic and archæological interest which attracted rich subscribers. Nevertheless, even the reproduction of some of these in the volume of his *Letters* inspires more than mere respect. It is not difficult to understand and approve of the decision made by so many distinguished men of his time to present, for example, the oil-painting of the Temple ruins of Bassæ to the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, or that of Argos to Trinity College. And Tennyson's pleasure was justified in Lear's landscape illustrations of his poems.

*' Illyrian woodlands, echoing falls
Of water, sheets of summer glass,
The long divine Peneian pass,
The vast Akrokeraunian walls,*

*Tomohrit, Athos, all things fair,
With such a pencil, such a pen,
You shadow forth to distant men,
I read and felt that I was there. . . . '*

Better travellers than Tennyson rejoiced in Lear's landscapes, though the taste for his classical and archaic subjects was

really a survival of an eighteenth-century fashion. This fact suggests that Lear may have deliberately subdued himself for professional purposes to a conventional taste in landscape and that it was not alone the inability to be a bolder and more original artist that limited his landscapes. The phrase 'I read' in Tennyson's lines to Lear referred to the text of the *Journals of a Landscape Painter*, which, though not exciting, is often filled with the interest of his subject.

Lear began this kind of work while wintering in Rome for his health from 1837 to 1840, publishing in 1841 a volume of lithographs entitled *Rome and its Environs*. In subsequent visits to Italy he gave lessons in drawing and made energetic tours of Southern Italy and Sicily. He also stayed in or visited Malta, Greece, Albania, Constantinople, the Ionian Islands, Mount Sinai, Egypt, Corfu, Jerusalem and Syria, periodically returning to England to attend to publication of his illustrated *Journals* and to exhibit pictures and visit patrons. During one of his periods in England at the beginning of this energetic life, in 1846, he gave Queen Victoria drawing lessons, a safe indication of the esteem in which he was held by influential people.

Between 1864 and 1876 Egypt, Malta, Nice and Cannes were his favourite winter resorts, but from Cannes he returned to Italy, being very dissatisfied with the sales of pictures to British visitors and probably desiring to 'settle' somewhere. He had a villa built for him at San Remo with a lovely garden which became his delight, and named it the 'Villa Emily' after the granddaughter of his sister who had married and settled in New Zealand. His most adventurous journey, though not fraught with actual dangers like his tours of wild places in Albania and Calabria, was undertaken in 1874-5, at the age of sixty-two, when Lord

Northbrook, Governor-General, invited him to visit India. As usual, his travel resulted in many sketches.

Ill health seems to have troubled him increasingly, and augmented his pessimistic worrying and a deep-seated melancholy, though generally one has to read between the lines of his letters to realise the gloom behind the friendly banter and facetious humour. It is an indication of his nervous unhappiness in the latter part of life that the building of an hotel opposite his 'Villa Emily' became a terrible affliction. Although able to build another villa which he named the 'Villa Tennyson,' in beautiful surroundings at San Remo, he was unable to adapt himself to the change, and the last seven years of his life appear to have been more and more clouded with worry and ill health.

'It is always a great thing to find that longer and closer knowledge of character makes it more esteemed and liked,' he wrote in reference to his friend Chichester Fortescue, and that was precisely the discovery made by Lear's intimates about him, from young English noblemen to his faithful Suliôt man-servant, Georgio. He was appreciated by a few women for his interesting personality and loyal friendship, but he seems to have missed or avoided the deeper phases of experience in such contacts, though one may suppose that a feeling of frustration and disappointment was buried in him. If this is so, it found the discreet expression of such beautiful nonsense as he gives us in 'The Courtship of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.'

The important development of his nonsensical art in words and line is like a separate strand in the tale of his activities, beginning inconspicuously but ultimately dominating our view of his work. The whimsical personality behind the laborious artist and friend of noble families was suggested by Lear himself when a young lady wrote to

him at San Remo telling him that when a friend of hers heard that she knew Lear, the friend exclaimed, 'How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!' He wrote back a set of verses beginning :

"How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!"
Who has written such volumes of stuff!
Some think him ill-tempered and queer,
But a few think him pleasant enough.

His mind is concrete and fastidious,
His nose is remarkably big;
His visage is more or less hideous,
His beard it resembles a wig . . .

When that was written Lear was already known more widely for his nonsense than for his serious pictures. This occasioned a few wry phrases from him in letters, though he seemed pleased at the signs of popularity gained by *The Book of Nonsense*, first published in 1846. An enlarged edition of this collection of limericks and comic drawings was issued in 1862. In the '70's *Nonsense Songs, Stories, Alphabets, Botany, Cookery*, and more of the limericks appeared, and the 1877 volume, *Laughable Lyrics*, included for the first time some of his music, for Lear could delight his friends by singing the *Nonsense Songs* to tunes with which he accompanied himself on the piano. These were played by ear and only two were preserved in script.

In his remarkable combination of original writer and artist there is nobody but D. G. Rossetti to compare with him in the Victorian Age, though at first sight a contrast rather than a comparison will be suggested by Rossetti's name. Except in the sphere of nonsense, where he is undisputed master, Lear falls short of greatness in art and literature, and yet nobody else in his time except Rossetti proved

himself an original genius in those two fields. As an influence Lear is the more enduring of the two, because he was virtually the originator of a new *genre*. Nonsense before had been usually realistic and satirical in art—pure nonsense was unknown as a vehicle of expression. In literature it had occurred but rarely and spasmodically—there had never been a nonsense author.

Mr. Anton Lock, a student of art as well as an artist, not only agrees that Lear was the first artist of his kind but that his influence is world-wide. Only a few typical names can be introduced here, but starting with England Mr. Lock sees Lear's widespread influence in modern work beginning with the nonsense drawings of Lear's contemporary, 'A Nobody,' which was the pen-name of Gordon Browne, the son of 'Phiz.' Those books of drawings by 'A Nobody' were popular in their time, though now forgotten, and they may yet enjoy a revival. From them Tom Browne derived his style until he modelled it again on Phil May. There are too many twentieth-century artists who might be mentioned, though among contemporaries the name of Bateman would occur to anybody who looks at Lear's illustrations to the limericks and some of the *Nonsense Songs*. When Lear draws non-human objects isolated in space, as he often does in the *Alphabets*, we are reminded of the Lovat Fraser style, which has already been referred to. Fraser eventually mimicked the old broad-sheets. He was fond of securing the effect of the woodcut technique of the Crawhall books by sketching, and that is what Lear often did. Just look at Lear's 'Tortoise and Owl,' 'Fish' or 'Goodnatured Grey Gull' in the *Alphabets*. Fraser's addition of nonsense words to his own drawings merely emphasises the likeness to Lear. Lear's animal groups (see, for instance, the Zebra carrying the monkeys, in one

of the *Alphabets*) are distinctly the forerunners of the famous 'Zig-Zag' series of animal drawings by J. A. Shepherd. But the old *Punch* thumb-nail drawings which used a childish technique to amuse adults may have inspired Lear to do the same for children. Moreover, 'Dicky' Doyle, who designed the *Punch* cover, was beginning work at the same time as Lear, as Mr. Jan Gordon has reminded me.

Lear's influence abroad is even more remarkable at a time when criticism is beginning to credit other British artists with an influence on the Continent hitherto unrecognised. Much French caricature followed the tradition of our eighteenth-century Hogarth and Rowlandson, but a new vein appeared last century that is traceable to Lear. It is seen in the nonsense drawings of Doré, and the weird figures of Caran d'Ache, who began in the 1880's; but the satirical vein persisted in France, and in Forain again dominated comic art for a time in a style alien to childish nonsense. In Germany, however, a large proportion of comic art until our own times derives from Lear. Wilhelm Busch ('the Lear of Germany') in his comic drawings is sometimes indistinguishable from the Lear who illustrated the limericks, 'The Jumbles,' and 'The Four Little Children.' The academic Rowlandson manner in Germany was offset also by Oberlander in his nonsense drawings of animals. Like Lear he uses a skilful draughtsmanship for non-human life while maintaining the nonsensical spirit. Olaf Gul Branson in *Simplicissimus* adopted a deliberately childish manner of drawing in a strip-series style which, deriving from Lear, is typical of much modern press work. The work of these artists in *Fliegenden Blätter*, especially the comic animals, extends the field of such comparisons. What is true of much continental work can also be said of American comic art. A representative example is Zimmerman, who in *Puck*

towards the end of last century was drawing comic types with Lear's technique, that combined skill and childish *naïveté*. A slight acquaintance with more recent work will enable anyone to trace Lear's influence still further.

All this is remarkable enough about a Victorian so much forgotten by this age of clever mediocrity, but it is only half the story, since the same is true of Lear's writings. There, too, Lear is a skilful technician when he wishes to be, while reaching a purer source of nonsense than anybody else, except for a few superb isolated compositions by others.

A possible source of Lear's comic style in drawing has been indicated in eighteenth-century woodcut illustrations, and it is interesting that his limerick is adopted from a doggerel form of nursery rhyme that was well known in the eighteenth century. Lear made the limerick vogue, and caused contemporaries like Rossetti and Swinburne to amuse themselves with it. Many of Rossetti's publishable limericks are included in his published work. Most of Swinburne's were unprintable. It is noticeable that Rossetti usually makes the opening line-end repeat in the final line, as Lear did. Most later compositions in this verse form introduce a new rhyming word for the last line, which helps to make the limerick more pointed, but at the same time usually assists the writer to get away from pure nonsense to wit. It is very rash to assume, as Mr. Langford Reed does, that this form is a great improvement on the Lear form, or to dismiss Lear's limericks as merely crude. Certainly he wrote them carelessly; they were written to make children laugh, and often like his drawings they seem to employ the minimum of sophisticated skill. Mr. Reed, who, by the way, thinks that Thomas Moore originated the limerick, has made himself an authority upon the form and is indeed a champion and historian of nonsense verse,

but it is to be feared that he inclines too much to favour polish and wit, and is not really appreciative of genuine nonsense which belongs to the order of fantastic creation.

Fantasy is the peculiar quality of Lear nonsense, with an effect of sheer fun, to which is added a humorous sadness inspired by a difficult world. We must beware of not distinguishing between meaningless jingle and nonsense that is full of humorous feeling. Such a warning is not uncalled for when Mr. Reed in his *Nonsense Verses* anthology includes the well-known sailors' chanty, 'The Banks of Sacramento,' and describes it as 'nonsense verse.' This is entirely devoid of humour or wit or music, and belongs to a different order of composition, if such chants can be called composition. But in the very crudity of a limerick there can be a concealed wit. The effect of crudity is assisted by repeating the first end-line. It is a pity that the editor of *The Complete Limerick Book* did not realise this when he described Rossetti's limericks as poor, preferring many polished later inanities, and actually telling the public that 'one of the worst limericks ever perpetrated' is the following by Rossetti :

' There is a dull painter, named Wells,
Who is duller than anyone else,
With the face of a horse
He sits by you and snorts—
Which is very offensive in Wells.'

Since Rossetti used the form to make fun, especially to make fun of his friends and himself, one can but feel bewildered at such a judgment by the self-made authority upon nonsense. If Mr. Reed feels there is nothing to be said for this limerick, no wonder he is inclined to patronise those of Lear as crude experiments instead of outstanding models. Perhaps he objects to the poet making you snort

the word 'horse' in the obviously deliberate imitation of a real rhyme. Much preferable is the opinion of Mr. Aldous Huxley, who is a very clever and sensitive man, in spite of his novels.

In *On the Margin* (1923) Mr. Huxley not only shows how Tennyson's lyric that begins :

*'Row us out from Desenzano,
To your Sirmione row !
So they row'd, and there we landed—
O venusta Sirmio !'*

was probably inspired by a tuneless memory of the 'Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò' poem :

*'On the coast of Coromandel,
Where the early pumpkins blow,
In the middle of the woods,
Lived the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,'*

but he has the courage to prefer Lear's, and then becomes so enthusiastic over the *Nonsense* limericks that (surprisingly to some of us) he regards them as the cream of Lear's genius. This is in spite of the fact that he was probably the first responsible critic to proclaim the high quality of poetry in Lear's songs. (For example, he also declares, with absolute justice, 'change the key ever so little and the "Dong with the Luminous Nose" would be one of the most memorable romantic poems of the nineteenth century.') Gratitude is due to Mr. Huxley also for reminding us that the modern nonsense drawings of Mr. Nash were an imitation which only proved Lear's superiority as the original nonsense artist.

The uniqueness of Lear in literature is not difficult to maintain. As in art, the comic vein had been used in literature mainly with a satirical intention and without the

true childishness of inspiration. The result is that nearly all such compositions are dull to read, except in relation to their satirised background. Who would read Butler's *Hudibras* for fun? When the composition is less controlled by such secondary intellectual intentions, as in some of Matthew Prior's, Thomas Hood's, William Cowper's, Oliver Goldsmith's, Robert Burns's and (one almost trembles to say their names here) Barham's and Gilbert's humorous verse, there is still the heavy-footed movement of the adult being facetious instead of the pure fun of the child which everyone whose soul is not dead can share.

To trace in detail the effects of Lear's influence in modern nonsense literature would be too lengthy a process here. It seems that he set up a new standard and released an unused inspiration. Just as many a serious artist made nonsense drawings in a casual way for children, so many a writer of genius no doubt wrote nonsense at times, without thinking of publication or even giving the nonsense the rounded shape that publication would call for. One thinks of those delightful illustrated letters to his children by Burne-Jones which surely were encouraged by a knowledge of Lear, and of the nonsense drawings by the solemn French artist, Jean François Millet. Such instances could be multiplied indefinitely. Perhaps to-day the extreme has been reached, when any sort of mediocre silliness is supposed to be suitable to amuse children. Much inferior to Lear as a poet, Lewis Carroll is the only nonsense writer comparable with him in importance. Carroll's is a highly sophisticated kind of nonsense perhaps only possible to a highly intellectual man such as he, but his true sympathy with the little girls he wanted to amuse preserved its essential quality. Nevertheless, if we compare Carroll's verse with Lear's (which is perhaps unfair, as he was a nonsense prose writer) we

find that though very clever it misses Lear's spontaneity in effect, and usually makes wit supply the lack of fantasy. And while his artfully made portmanteau words are excellent to convey suggestions, they are not created like Lear's coined words for atmosphere and music. Carroll resembled Lear in manner in *Sylvie and Bruno* rather than in the famous 'Alice' books. The 'King Fisher's Wooing' Song, for example :

"*Yet pins have heads," said Lady Bird—*
SING PRUNES, SING PRAWNS, SING PRIMROSE
HILL !

"*And where you stick them in,*
They stay, and thus a pin
Is very much to be preferred
To one that's never still ! " . . .

It is doubtful if he would have written so but for *Laughable Lyrics*.

In conclusion, it will be worth stressing the antiquity of nonsense in literature while indicating a possible source of inspiration for Lear's nonsense songs, so we may adopt Mr. Langford Reed's reminder of the translation of *Aristophanes* by J. Hookham Frere. Mr. Reed interestingly suggests that the original of the 'The Knights' passage about the Horses may have suggested to Swift the idea of the Third Voyage of Gulliver. Even more likely was it an inspiration to Lear, Frere's translation having been published in 1839, and we know from his letters that Lear was interested in contemporary verse and inclined to parody it.

'Let us sing the mighty deeds of our famous noble steeds.
They deserve a celebration for their service heretofore.
Charge and attacks, exploits enacted in the days of yore :
These, however, strike me less, as having been performed ashore.
But the wonder was to see them, when they fairly went aboard

*With canteens and bread and onions, victualled and completely stored,
Then they fixed and dipped their oars, beginning all to shout and neigh,
Just the same as human creatures, "Pull away, boys! Pull away!"*

"Bear a hand there, Roan and Sorrel! Have a care there, Black and Bay!"

*Then they leapt ashore at Corinth; and the lustier younger sort
Strolled about to pick up litter, for their solace and disport:
And devoured the crabs of Corinth as a substitute for clover . . .*

If Lear, who is comparatively a modern, did so much more than anybody else to bring nonsense into art and literature, the question arises, where was the spirit of nonsense adequately expressed in earlier times? The mention of Aristophanes suggests the answer. It was on the stage, and apparently while clowning has largely faded away from the stage in the past century, it has flourished more and more in books and journals, and lately in films. Clowning was always much more than 'comic relief' from tragedies on the stage; it has always been in some degree a relief from the hard realities of life, and in this escape of the unquenchable springs of human laughter we have the very image of the source of poetry itself and all creative art. Perhaps very often laughter is released when Beauty is frustrated. They are profoundly akin, and in the finest expression of the nonsensical spirit there must be some strain of that beauty which is born in the throes of creative imagination. If such an argument seems very solemn and portentous to apply to the best work of Lear's genius, just pass it over and enjoy the work itself. But a serious appreciation of Lear's importance in our crowded epoch is probably necessary to a wider enjoyment of his work.

THE MAN WHO NAMED A CONTINENT.

BY CAPPY RICKS.

'I NAME the whole land Australia,' said Flinders on his too-early death-bed, and thereby settled in a word the contentions of geographers down the aisles of time. It was right and fitting that he should have named the new land, for he it was who had dragged the great southern continent out of the dark unknown—a continent mysterious, immense, and romantic—and proved it to be an island. Matthew Flinders, Captain R.N., the greatest explorer-surveyor and denominator of all time (he in four years named more than a thousand Points, Islands, Capes, Straits, and Mountains. And not one after himself, for Flinders Island in Bass Strait had been named after him, when as a Midshipman he had accompanied Bass, by Governor Philip, while the island of the same name off the North Queensland coast and Flinders Bay in West Australia were named by the explorer after his brother, a Lieutenant in the ship, who had been the first to sight the island, and who had surveyed the Bay by the ship's cutters, not to mention a Continent) left England in 1799 in H.M.S. *Investigator* to explore and survey the coasts of New Holland and, a thousand leagues to the east, New South Wales, or Botany Bay, also to explore the sea that was presumed to exist between the two great discoveries.

In the four following years he surveyed the coasts mentioned, found the great gulfs of St. Vincent and Spencer's in the south and Carpentaria in the north, and proved that no interior sea existed, much to the perturbation of the geographers of the day.

This was, beyond doubt, the greatest survey of all time, conducted in the most heroic manner by a skilful and indomitable leader, who during all operations spent all and every day at the masthead of his ship slung in a half-barrel having a small table-top, with cases for his instruments.

As a feat of sustained endurance this is unique in the annals of the sea and the history of exploration, but it led to an early death.

At the conclusion of the survey the *Investigator* returned to Port Jackson, now Sydney, and was then found to be so rotten as to be beyond repair ; so she was condemned, and Flinders and his ship's crew were given passages on H.M.S. *Porpoise* and *Bridgewater*, and their consort *Cato*, which ships sailed for England, via Torres Strait and Timor, in August, 1803 ; and with Flinders, of course, went all the important results of the long and epoch-making survey.

A week after leaving Port Jackson the *Porpoise*, in which Flinders was a passenger, running heavily before a southerly gale at night, crashed on an uncharted reef in the Coral Sea and quickly, with large loss of life, became a total wreck. Her consort, *Cato*, shared the same fate, but *Bridgewater*, ignoring the signals of distress that were at once made, sailed on—a callous action never subsequently explained away.

Flinders and his valuable documents survived the wreck, and then he, as the senior officer present, took command of the party. Out of the timber saved from the wreck he constructed a 24-foot open boat, and in this frail craft he and six men sailed to Port Jackson over 1,400 miles of stormy sea for succour, charts and documents being taken in a water-proofed canvas bag ; the desperate voyage was a long and tedious one, marked by great hardship and privation.

A ship was at once sent for the castaways, and as there was not a man-of-war to go to England for some months,

Flinders and his six seamen sailed for home in a small 29-ton schooner named *Cumberland*, the only available vessel then in the Colony, taking with him his charts and documents, and also, unfortunately as it transpired, despatches from Governor King for personal delivery to the Secretary of State.

In these despatches the Governor furnished a long and comprehensive account of the activities, which he viewed with a certain amount of suspicion, of various French and Spanish expeditions then, or recently, in southern seas. (England was then, so far as was known in the far-off land, at peace with all the world, so it was permissible for the Governor to entrust despatches to the commander of an expeditionary ship, even though such vessel was operating under a 'safe-conduct of all nations,' but, in the event, the act was disastrous to the bearer of the despatches; through them he was detained as a prisoner in a foreign land for six and a half years at the hands of a Power with which our nation became at war.)

Flinders surveyed along the route with his tiny vessel, and discovered the *Cumberland* Passage through the Great Barrier Reef and a passage between a group of islands, to which he gave his ship's name, off the north-west coast of the Continent, making then for the open sea, the great quadrilateral of the Southern Indian Ocean, on his way to the Cape of Good Hope and home.

During this long run of 6,000 miles his old and decrepit vessel developed serious defects; she leaked like a basket, and stores were ruined. Fresh water was also running short, and this determined Flinders to bear away for the Isle de France, now Mauritius, for provisions and repairs.

On arrival off the coast of the island he found himself beset among coral reefs, and, having no chart or Sailing

Directions to guide him, he made towards a small vessel which he observed to be leaving a small bay to the southward of him, with the intention of obtaining a pilot. He was, of course, flying the White Ensign. When this was observed by the French vessel she immediately put about to return to harbour.

Flinders crowded on sail and followed, and on arrival anchored near the vessel that had led him in, to find the harbour and town in a state of great agitation. This, unknown to Flinders, was due to his appearance on the coast and his following of the local vessel. France and England were at war again, and his action was construed as an overt act. The following day he was compelled to proceed to Port Louis, the capital, and there he and his ship were seized by Governor De Caen. His bona fides were not accepted. His safe-conduct and passport had been granted for H.M.S. *Investigator*, a large and powerful ship engaged on a scientific expedition, and De Caen refused to believe that an officer of such high attainments and authority as the explorer was known to be could be travelling in such a vessel as the tiny *Cumberland* instead of the large ship whose name figured in the cartel.

The despatches, which had been seized, assumed now a sinister importance, due to the existing state of war, particularly so because war had broken out over four months before Flinders' departure from the new colony—an interval ample for the conveyance of the news from England to Australia. It was unfortunate that the ship conveying the intelligence was a slow one and did not arrive for a fortnight after the *Cumberland* had left. It was just as unfortunate that Baudin, the great explorer, to whom Flinders was well and personally known, should have left Port Louis with his two ships just the day before; and also that there had been on board

Baudin's ship a self-appointed spy, Peron the Naturalist, who had repaid the hospitality of his official hosts in Port Jackson during his lengthy stay there by drawing information of a military character from them and embodying the same in a long report which was marked by his own acrimonious antipathy towards the British nation.

De Caen had seen this report, and though he had condemned it for the treachery it displayed he still could not be insensible to the nature of its contents and, to some extent, be influenced by the information it conveyed.

There was every condition conducive to misunderstanding on the part of both men. Each was of considerable distinction in his own profession, and perhaps slightly haughty and insistent upon every mark of respect and courtesy due to their rank and high office. The nerves of each were somewhat frayed : in Flinders' case by illness of body and mortification of high spirit, and in De Caen's by the responsibility for the defence of his island-country, which had insufficient force to protect it and its inhabitants, and which was even then threatened by a powerful British fleet. After a long and painful interview the first gesture for peace was made by the French Governor ; he invited Flinders to dine with himself, his gracious lady and his principal officers that evening. Flinders' reply was that ' while a prisoner he could not, and would not, accept his gaoler's hospitality.' De Caen's significant rejoinder was to the effect that he would next invite Flinders after he had released him—' after ' never came.

The first few months' confinement was in a temporary prison in the low-lying town of Port Louis. The prisoner's health declined, and at his own request he was removed to the prisoners-of-war barracks on the hill, where, in better and more congenial surroundings, he regained his health.

After eighteen months' incarceration he was released on parole and permitted to take up his residence on the interior tableland nearly 2,000 feet above sea-level, and here, among true and delightful friends that he had made, Flinders led an interesting, healthy and satisfying life for five years, the only irritating circumstance being the enforced detention and prolonged separation from home and friends. He had married just before leaving England on his cruise of discovery, and was passionately attached to his wife.

His nature endeared him to everyone with whom he came in contact, excepting De Caen, and to this day he is spoken of with deep affection by the descendants of his immediate circle of friends. He became a keen French scholar and an ardent naturalist and meteorologist. He worked up and charted all the discoveries of his cruise and, always a scientific navigator, he studied to good effect the effect of iron construction upon ships' compasses, and devised a highly ingenious means, entirely by mathematics as against practice, of nullifying a large amount of the error caused by the presence of iron in a wooden vessel, and also by the hull of any ship built of this metal, a practice then coming into vogue; the means that he discovered is as important to-day as ever, and it still bears his name.

For a while the French Governor took no steps either to verify or refute the truth of his prisoner's assertions, though eventually he did so, and, after two years, there arrived an order for the captive's release. By this time, though, conditions had worsened for the besieged force at the Isle de France, and De Caen was compelled by desperate circumstances to withhold the execution of the order. The defences of the isle were little better than a sham, marked by every possible weakness, and this, of course, was clear and apparent to the trained eye of the prisoner, as De Caen well knew,

and no sane commander could take the risk of releasing an enemy, as Flinders, British Naval Officer of high rank, then was, knowing that, even under the most scrupulous parole, it would mean the great investing force, of nearly 200 ships and 16,000 men, becoming aware of the undefended state of the garrison and the country, and making capture imminent and inevitable.

Flinders' release was only effected by the fall of the island to British forces in 1810. Broken in health, he lived only another three years in England. He spent this time directing and making his charts and otherwise consolidating his great discoveries, but he was too far disabled to attempt further exploration. It was his intention to lead an expedition across the new continent from the south, which he had discovered and charted, to the Gulf of Carpentaria, which he had surveyed, in the north, but he was never able to undertake this great work. He died at the early age of thirty-nine, a victim of unfortunate circumstances; a loss to his beloved country and to science, but a gain to future generations. His example and history keep alive the principles that actuated this brave soul and high spirit.

The French nation in general, and the Governor and officers of the Colony of Mauritius in particular, treated Flinders' important documents with a most scrupulous and high honour, and did not, in any shape or form, notwithstanding various historians to the contrary, avail themselves of their important contents in even the slightest degree. Honour where it is due.

Mauritius.

KALLEE.

A TALE FROM THE FIELDS.

BY F. G. TURNBULL.

I WILL never shoot a partridge again ; that is a vow I have sworn. I still hope to use my gun through many years to come ; but when the coveys rise before me in root or stubble field hereafter, I will keep my weapon at ' trail ' and let them go. My spaniel, Roy, will gaze at me with wonder in his dear old eyes ; but he will soon understand that the brown birds are not our game—now that we have known Kallee, that great cock partridge.

Of the four people most intimately acquainted with Kallee, I believe that I knew him best. In and out of season I watched him ; and Sandy McIntosh, the keeper, told me all that he learnt about the bird. Thus I have been able to fill up the blanks in his history. I myself took no active part in it till near its conclusion, so I shall keep out of the story till then.

Balbracken, the estate whereon the partridge ranged, belonged to John Blair, a rare old sportsman ; but at the time of this story the shooting was let to Syme Bryant, a business man, whose business principles also ruled his field sports. He demanded the uttermost value for his money, and shot with a ruthlessness that rendered him extremely unpopular with both keeper and proprietor. And now that you know us all, we'll get on with the story.

The summer had been grey with rain that year when Kallee was born, and it was not until the last night of July

that he chipped the olive egg that held him. He was a gay little sprite from the outset, buoyant of spirit, eager to learn, and desperately anxious to see everything. His first four weeks were weeks of enchantment, of fun and frolic with his parents and the other ten chicks of the family. Then came the 1st of September—the opening day of the partridge-shooting season.

During the afternoon, while the covey moved about the furrows of a root field, one of the parents uttered a low cluck of warning. The chicks crouched in their tracks, listening to the rustle and tear of turnip-leaves being thrust aside. Then they heard for the first time the sound of a human voice : ' Steady, Belle, steady ! ' as Sandy McIntosh cautioned an over-eager dog.

The old birds knew what the thud of human tread and the panting of dogs portended. The pair stirred slightly, and brown wings were eased for the swift uprising that would draw the shot while the chicks might scatter in safety. Kallee, precocious and imitative, wriggled his feet as his father did, and held out his little wings. The rustle of footsteps was now just at hand.

There sounded a sudden clucking command that meant : ' A moment wait—then fly.' A quick burst of whirring followed as strong pinions beat violently upward. Kallee, disobedient and determined to accompany his father, rose at his parent's flank. There was a snapped exclamation : ' Mark ! ' Four pairs of gun-barrels gleamed in the sun as they swung. Two puffs of smoke leapt into the wind, and twin reports went echoing over the fields.

Feathers spurted from the old birds ; their heads fell backwards, rounded wings fell limp, and the partridges spun headlong into the turnips again. A quick shout : ' Hold on ; there's cheepers ! ' stopped the shooting, whilst

ten pairs of immature wings beat with tremendous vigour but little speed away beyond the fence.

But little Kallee had gone down to the same shot as the old cock partridge. He stood where he had fallen, completely terrorised, staring fearfully and without understanding at the heap of tattered brown plumage that had been his parent. He himself was badly hurt. A stray pellet had whipped through his tiny wing, striking at the elbow to shatter bone and sinew.

Unable to comprehend disaster, the frightened chick cowered close to the ground, wondering what had gone wrong with his happy world. He cheeped his distress to the unheeding bird beside him, until, with a quick patter of heavy paws, Belle arrived. The retriever opened her jaws, seized the dead bird and vanished.

But the keeper had marked the fall of the 'cheeper'—the name by which a partridge chick is known. Belle was ordered to 'seek dead' again; but Kallee, scared into movement, was now far down the field, running as fast as his legs would bear him, and with his broken wing trailing by his side. He blundered into a rabbit burrow and lost himself in its depths. The retriever sniffed here and there among the turnips, and when she poked her head into the burrow, Bryant, thinking she was after a rabbit, and impatient of delay because of a wounded cheeper, called her off. Then the guns continued their interrupted beat.

At sunset Kallee left his retreat and crept away among the furrows in search of his parents. And that night he heard for the first time the clear, metallic call of old partridges summoning the scattered members of their coveys. 'Chee-rik'—again and again the cry sounded over the fields in the twilight. From here and there the young birds answered: 'Chee-reep, chee-reep.' An old bird lit with

a whirr of wings close to Kallee, and with a glad cheep of welcome the wounded chick ran to greet the bigger bird. But the stranger heard another cry, from a young voice that it knew, and it flew away.

Again and again the solitary youngster hastened toward a calling parent; but the restless birds seldom remained for more than a few moments in one place before flying on again. At length, weary and despondent, Kallee found a little rabbit-scape beside a turnip, and in the little hollow he huddled down, whilst around him and away in the distance the search for missing friends continued, far into the hours of darkness. But the little bird in the rabbit-scape did not hear them. He was asleep.

For three days Kallee continued the vain search for his parents. Then, gradually, his immature mind grasped the fact that henceforward he must fare alone. His injured wing now troubled him little; the pain had gone from it, and the outer half flapped and dangled unheeded as he moved about the field. Deprived of blood, the partially severed tendons withered; and at the end of a fortnight the useless piece dropped off altogether. The primaries were gone, but the coverts remained, and thereafter Kallee fared better.

Shooting was resumed at the end of October. In the interval of 'grace' the cheepers had added to their bulk and strength of pinion, and they were now considered fit to be shot. Kallee heard firing in the stubble one morning, while coveys came hastening to the turnip field that he had never left. Then, in the afternoon, the guns came to the roots.

Kallee crouched motionless when he heard the approach of men and dogs. He saw a pair of gaitered legs stride past

three yards away ; and the beat would have gone on had not the black retriever halted. Then a voice spoke : ' Hold on, sir ; there's something here.' And Sandy McIntosh ordered the retriever to ' seek.' Belle trotted eagerly toward the terrified chick and dipped her muzzle through the leaves.

Completely forgetful of his disabled pinion, Kallee leapt into the air. He beat his wing and a half furiously, and actually flew, skimming the turnip-tops for six yards, before the greater resistance under his whole wing tilted him over and he side-slipped to the ground. Gun-barrels had lifted at sight of Kallee, but he was down under cover again too quickly to permit time for a shot. Moreover, his brief flight had broken the scent-line for the retriever. She found it again, and Kallee repeated his momentary, desperate flight. Running and flying in short, rapid bursts, the chick left Belle far behind, and she lost him completely.

This was the beginning of the best lesson that Kallee ever learnt. He was quick to appreciate that by alternate running and flying he could elude his pursuers. As the season advanced he was flushed repeatedly, and though fired at several times he continued unscathed. Soon he was well known among beaters, keepers, and ' guns ' as an almost impossible shot, and completely elusive so far as dogs were concerned. ' The Runner,' they called him, to distinguish him from his fellows, and the fame of that runner will last for many a year to come.

By the end of winter, Kallee was a full-grown partridge, extremely fast on his feet, bright of plumage, and remarkably alert and clever. He took to roosting like the others, out in the grass fields, but never far from cover, and always sleeping alone. The other partridges shunned the com-

pany of a disabled bird. He was an outcast, lonely, and longing for companionship. Then, when spring came and primroses starred the sunny banks once more, Kallee made his home in the blaeberry scrub of Craigie Wood, a pheasant covert; then he sought a mate.

Hen partridges came frequently to the ant-hills at the edge of the covert. Here they would pause in their feeding to gaze archly, demurely, or brazenly, as their natures dictated, at the lone cock who came from the blaeberries to greet them. But each in turn lost interest and moved away when they saw his fragmentary wing. For the law of the wild decrees that physical perfection is an essential attribute in those who would carry on the race. Thus the flight of a leaden pellet had cut Kallee adrift from his kin.

When nesting began, the flightless cock was still alone. He wandered disconsolately from field to field; but here, too, his quest for a mate was in vain. To ease the hurt of loneliness, he sought the companionship of other cocks; but they were preoccupied with their domestic affairs, and they would not trouble with him. So Kallee returned unhappily to his blaeberry scrub and his ant-hills by the wood. Here, in his fierce hunger for friendship, he tried to strike up an acquaintance with a robin. But the red-breast, like the others, was too intent upon his own affairs to take much notice of Kallee.

One morning four weeks later, while the solitary bird was wandering about the edge of the covert, he saw a pair of partridges with ten chickens approaching to feed at the ant-hills. Kallee stared as though fascinated at the fluffy little creatures running about in the grass. One of them strayed toward him. Instinctively the lonely cock pecked at the sand of an ant-hill, uncovering a score of struggling insects and their pupæ, then he clucked the summons to food.

The chick needed no second invitation. It darted toward Kallee, halting a few inches away with a pert look of enquiry. Kallee pecked the ant-hill again, and the chick ran forward. A moment later it was perched on Kallee's foot busily devouring the titbits he found for it. Two other chicks came to join the first, and Kallee was almost faint with happiness. These trustful little folk cared naught for shattered wings. This strange bird found food for them; that was enough. They gave their friendship wholeheartedly in return.

Presently the parents of the brood drew near. Resentment blazed for a moment within them, but it quickly subsided when they noted the stranger's solicitude for their chicks and his diligence in seeking food for them. With the remainder of their family they joined him in demolishing the ant-hill. Thus Kallee found friends at last, and the ache of loneliness was dulled for the first time since the day when he lost his parents and part of his wing.

When the covey moved away in the evening to sleep in a neighbouring field, Kallee endeavoured to accompany them. But this the other cock would not tolerate. Puffed plumage and a hoarse challenge convinced Kallee that his company was barred at night. So he merely walked with the family to the first fence, and waited there until they had vanished in the blue of twilight.

Each day for a fortnight the friendly covey returned to Craigie Wood; then disaster befell them. At the end of a day of sultry heat and mountainous clouds, they had retired as usual to the centre of a grass park where a score of young bullocks, newly purchased, had that afternoon been turned in to graze. The animals were restless in their new surroundings and had gathered in a bunch at the top of the field when night fell.

Later, the starry patches in the sky became obscured, and the darkness was intense. Redshanks, peewits, and snipe, ill at ease, flew and called unceasingly over a neighbouring marsh, for the birds are weather-wise. Then, at ten minutes past midnight, a scorching burst of violet flame leapt in writhing streamers down the sky. Half a second later a terrific crash of thunder roared deafeningly in the valley, reverberating away to rumble and mutter to silence in the distant hills.

The coming of the rain was instantaneous. It seemed that some great flooded dam had burst to fragments in the sky. The water fell in blinding sheets, drumming down to flatten the grass and rise again like smoke. The bullocks were terror-stricken. Another blast of flame that seemed to set the rain afire began the stampede. Flank to flank, the fear-maddened brutes broke into a gallop, plunging madly down the field to the accompaniment of a mighty roll of thunder.

The parents of the partridge brood were awake, and heard the approach of galloping hoofs. They saw the eyes of the herd gleam in the flare of another flash, then rose in the air in a desperate attempt to head the bullocks off. They were caught in a forest of racing legs and knocked to the ground. The herd plunged on and away, leaving the bodies of the gallant birds pounded and trodden into the turf with those of two of their chicks.

At dawn Kallee was waiting at the edge of Craigie Wood. Four hours later, and yet unfed, he still waited. Then, at midday, he crept under the fence beyond which a score of young bullocks now were grazing quietly. In the middle of the field he found the pitiful remains of two adult partridges and two chickens. For a long time Kallee stood by them, the pain of loneliness, almost forgotten, returning again to his heart.

'Chee-reep.' Kallee started at the sound of a chicken's voice. He looked about and saw the unhappy little creature, damp and disconsolate, crouched in a hoof-print. The little bird ran toward him and wriggled its way beneath him to huddle quietly there. Kallee thrilled to the feel of the confiding little creature. He clucked softly and reassuringly to it in a voice that he had never used before. For when he spoke to that chick he called it his own.

Then Kallee called 'Chee-rik'—the hard metallic cry of an adult partridge. It was the call to his first ingathering. Other chicks arose like magic from the wet grass and ran to join their fellow beneath Kallee, and soon all eight survivors were present. Then the flightless cock took them to Craigie Wood and fed them there, and that night they slept with him in the blaeberry scrub. Thus Kallee adopted the orphaned chicks and found a happiness such as he had never known before.

As the season advanced and the chicks grew bigger, Kallee left his summer home by the wood and led his family to a field of potatoes. Here they found a wider range of foodstuffs, and Kallee taught them how to discriminate between those things that were edible and those that were not. Here, too, they were introduced to a deadly enemy, when a stoat endeavoured to stalk them down a furrow.

At Kallee's warning cluck every chick crouched and looked around in search of danger. They saw the white-fronted hunter threading his sinuous way through the potato-stems; then Kallee uttered a quick cry and rose in the air. His wing and a half bore him as usual for a few yards, then he dropped to earth and ran. The chicks rose with him and landed with him. Flying and running alternately, the covey sped away in a wide half-circle,

leaving a broken trail that no stoat on earth could piece together.

As the stoat continued to haunt the field day after day, the chicks quickly learnt that swift running punctuated by short bursts of flight could shake off any pursuit on the ground. Thus they adopted their guardian's methods and avoided danger. Then the 1st of September came round again, and another partridge-shooting season began.

Kallee and the youngsters were sun-bathing in the stubble that morning when they heard the sound of shots fired in the distance. The chicks crouched immobile and looked with startled eyes at Kallee. Grim memories of other days arose in the mind of the older bird. He knew that the greatest menace that ever confronted his kind was striding once more through the fields; and in times of trouble cover was essential to the flightless bird.

He clucked a summons and went with his covey deep into the potato field, listening to the sound of the guns. At each shot Kallee's body twitched as though that pellet of old were finding its mark again. Then, singly and in pairs, other partridges came whirring into the potatoes.

At midday shooting ceased for an hour, then the party came to the roots. Eight men—the keeper, three beaters, and four 'guns,' strung out in a line to walk across the furrows. Every now and then there came a sharp cackle of alarm, the whirr of wings and the stunning reports of the guns. And at the third beat, Kallee knew that the men were advancing directly toward him. He crouched, waiting, while the young birds clustered round him, watching him intently, awaiting the signal that would bid them rise and go.

The noise of tramping feet drew nearer. Kallee gathered his legs below him, eased out his wing and a half and looked

anxiously at his trusting young followers—a look that plainly said : ‘ If ill befalls, farewell, little friends.’ Then Kallee saw boots in the furrows. He uttered a quick command : ‘ A moment wait, then go.’ And with a loud whirr of his whole wing Kallee burst up through the leaves and away.

‘ Mark !’ The keeper’s voice barked the warning. Four guns leapt up. But the word had hardly been spoken when Kallee spun over on his side and dropped like a stone from sight in the leaves. The guns were lowered, just as there came a chorus of hard little cackles and the chicks whirred up from cover. ‘ Mark !’ Again the guns lifted and swung. But like a shower of brown divots the eight youngsters plunged out of sight and ran for all they were worth before a shot could be fired.

The men turned to stare at each other in consternation. Bryant looked sharply at the keeper. ‘ Remember that first bird, McIntosh ?’ he asked.

‘ Aye ; I do that, sir,’ replied the keeper. ‘ Yon was The Runner.’

‘ Yes,’ commented Bryant ; ‘ and you saw the others of the covey imitating his tricks. How do you account for it ?’

‘ He adopted the chickens belangin’ tae a pair o’ auld birds that were killed by some stirks,’ replied the keeper.

There was an icy edge to Bryant’s voice when he spoke again : ‘ Well, you see the result now : a covey that runs like damned rabbits ! If you’d had any foresight you would have shot that infernal bird in the summer.’

Sandy McIntosh looked oddly at the other man, then he said : ‘ Mr. Blair wouldna hae allowed that, sir. And in any case we didna expect anything like this.’

Bryant growled something unintelligible, and sharply ordered that the beat be continued. Before the guns left

the field, members of Kallee's covey had been flushed on six occasions. Four swift shots were fired at them, but no one could be certain whether they were hit, as they dived hurriedly back into cover.

At sunset that night, Kallee perched on a boulder at the edge of the field, and his summoning cry: 'Chee-rik,' sounded across the furrows. Other adult birds cried to their scattered families. Many chicks failed to arrive, and many there were who listened in vain for the voice of parents. But in twenty minutes Kallee had mustered eight unharmed youngsters from the furrows, and he took them to roost in the stubble.

When Sandy McIntosh reported the incident concerning Kallee and his covey, old John Blair was intensely interested. 'A most remarkable thing,' he said; 'a most remarkable thing.' And he asked the keeper to keep him informed of further developments.

Every other day for the next four weeks, the guns returned to the roots. But at the end of that dreadful month eight birds still came to Kallee's ingathering. News of The Runner and his equally elusive orphans spread far and wide, until they became the subject of discussion and argument wherever shooting men forgathered in the county. Old John Blair especially was jubilant. He never tired of talking about The Runner to his friends. His pride in the bird's remarkable achievements was boundless. He sometimes walked about the roots on Sundays in the hope of seeing the partridge for himself.

But Bryant took a different view of the matter. He conceived a vicious and utterly puerile dislike for Kallee. He resolved that if he could not shoot him and his covey in the air, he would shoot them on the ground. The man became quite obsessed with the idea; and though John

Blair condemned the decision as thoroughly unsportsmanlike, and said so in withering terms, the birds were Bryant's till the end of the season, and he could please himself.

But for a brief period in October, when the pheasant-shooting opened, the partridges enjoyed respite. However, in November interest in them was renewed, and life for Kallee became uncertain again. When the potatoes were lifted he took his covey to a raspberry field half a mile away. Here the difficulty was not to kill them, but to see them at all in the drills. Yet Bryant was convinced that he could account for them there; and when a big party gathered for an extensive shoot on New Year's Day, he issued orders that the raspberry field was to be thoroughly beaten out and that The Runner and his covey were to be killed either off the ground or on it.

Twelve shots were fired that afternoon in the berry field, and four men claimed to have bagged a member of the famous covey. But Sandy McIntosh saw Kallee next day and counted the birds that were with him. And he counted eight. John Blair received the information with relief and delight. He sent a message to Bryant in which he said that it gave him great satisfaction to announce that The Runner's covey was still intact.

This seemed to nettle Bryant still further, and he continued with grim determination in his efforts to exterminate that redoubtable band of birds. But as January drew toward its close, and still no casualty had been inflicted, the prospect of success became increasingly remote. Then, when only four days of the shooting season remained, Bryant decided to change his tactics. He told the keeper to find out where the covey slept at nights. Wondering, but with no idea of what Bryant had in mind, Sandy McIntosh spent the next three evenings with binoculars in the vicinity of the raspberry

field. And on the third night he saw Kallee emerge from the drills and creep with his eight companions past the top of Redstone Quarry, over a wall, then out across another field. On the crest of a low hummock they halted, and they had not moved when darkness fell.

Next day—it was the 1st of February, the last day for partridge-shooting—the keeper told Byrant of his discovery, and took him to see the place. The field was roughly eight acres in extent, square, and with drystone walls all round it. Bryant expressed his satisfaction and outlined his plan to the dumbfounded keeper. Eight guns would be required to ensure the success of the plan, he said; he himself at such short notice could bring but five, including himself. And he told the keeper to arrange for another two guns to be present, which, with the keeper's own, would give the required number.

Late that morning, Sandy McIntosh called on me to ask if I would assist in wiping out The Runner and his covey. I refused flatly; but the keeper insisted, saying that there would probably be no need for me to fire a shot. I thought this over. If I did not go, then someone else would, and the birds would be killed just the same. And I knew Kallee so well, had spent many days watching him when he was a chick, and later on when he adopted the orphan family. If this was to be the end of my old acquaintance—yes, I would like to see him once again before he died.

‘Very well,’ I said; ‘I’ll come.’

The keeper’s expression of relief betrayed the fact that he himself heartily disliked the unsavoury business, and was glad to know that I shared his views. I asked him what Mr. Blair thought about it. He said:

‘When I told him about it, he looked at me queer-like an’ asked if I thought the birds would get awa’. I said

they hadna a ghost o' a chance. Mr. Blair didna say anything for a meenit, but just stared oot the window. Syne he said: "All right, Sandy," an' I cam' awa'. The auld man thinks a mighty lot o' The Runner, ye ken.'

Presently the keeper left me and called on old Angus McWhirter, the doctor, in whose company I had frequently shot over Balbracken in the old days. I later learnt that the fiery medico called the keeper every kind of a fool for showing Bryant where The Runner spent the nights. He also said that 'he damned well wasn't going to help to murder sleeping birds.' But when he heard that I was to be there, he described me in very offensive terms, and promised to come as well—but with an empty gun.

A fine snow was falling when, toward evening, I took my gun and started off for the appointed meeting-place. I met Sandy McIntosh at the end of the narrow old road with its hedges of tangled bramble and brier bushes leading into the old sandstone quarry. We walked into the quarry and sought shelter in a little disused shack where a rusted stove and corroded tools lay among the decaying weeds.

It was fiercely cold, so we started a fire in the stove with some twigs and a pick-handle. Then the doctor arrived; and a minute later Bryant and four other men came in and were introduced. Bryant outlined to us the plan of action we already knew. With a stick he drew a square on the earth of the floor to represent the field where the partridges roosted. Its nearest corner was about fifty yards from the quarry. He then explained that the party was to scatter round the walls, one man to halt at each of the four corners, and the other four men to occupy midway positions between them. Then at a signal all were to cross the wall and converge on the covey in the centre. The birds would probably scatter in all directions, and to avoid accidents no shots

were to be fired till they had run outside the circle of men.

For its purpose the plan was perfectly conceived. It seemed impossible that any bird, especially a runner, could escape alive. 'Poor old Kallee,' I thought; 'this looks like your end.'

At this point the keeper—who had been away on the look out—returned and spoke to Bryant. 'The birds are awa' ower tae the middle o' the field,' he said.

'Right,' said Bryant, taking his gun from a corner; 'come on.' And he led the way out of the quarry.

We managed to crawl unseen to the nearest corner of the field. This was to be my position—arranged by the keeper—a crafty arrangement as things turned out. Now the others stole away. Bryant occupied the midway position up to my left, and the doctor was next on my right.

For ten minutes I crouched in the snow with all feeling frozen out of my feet. Then, dimly in the failing light, I saw the keeper leap over the wall at the farthest corner. This was the signal for action, and we all crossed the wall. As I stepped over the grass I looked intently toward the centre of the field. There I saw Kallee. He stood upright, gazing about; but the other birds were not in view, though I knew they were crouched beside him.

We all carried our guns in the crooks of our arms, as the partridges were not expected to move until we were almost upon them. But we had misjudged the wary leader of the covey. He must have recognised deadly peril at once. Before we were a dozen paces from the wall, there came a chattering cry from Kallee, and he was on the wing. The others rose with him, but as usual the one-winged bird pitched down to the snow six yards from the point he had left.

The others swung down to land with him, but he uttered another cry. The chicks hesitated before their feet touched

the ground. Kallee cried yet again. There was a violent whirr of wings, and the young birds, rising rapidly, strung out and came flying toward me at a tremendous pace. There was little time to think, yet the thought flashed into my mind that the old bird knew that there was only one way out for his family, and that was in sustained flight. They were flying to his orders, leaving him behind.

It occurred to me, also, that the keeper knew that the partridges would return to the berry field in a straight line over my corner. But the covey was now shooting overhead. I flung up my gun and fired both barrels—and all the birds flew on. Then I heard Bryant shout: 'Look out; The Runner's coming to you!'

Bryant was hurrying toward me with all his might, whilst flying and running Kallee came swiftly in my direction. He passed close to me and away toward the quarry. Bryant was still seventy yards away. But he halted and raised his gun. I knew that he was an excellent shot, but I doubted whether he could see Kallee in that dim light, let alone hit him.

Then I saw a dull red flash wink from his gun, and feathers spurt from the running bird. Despite my anger I could not help admiring such an extraordinary shot. Then Bryant fired again. Kallee was knocked spinning, but he got up and ran once more—with his good wing trailing, for at least one pellet had hit him hard.

It was not until Bryant approached that I understood he was unaware of hitting Kallee. 'Damn it,' he snarled; 'the whole lot's got away again!' I was about to say that Kallee was wounded, but I hadn't time to speak. Bryant glared at me and asked: 'Why the devil did *you* come here at all? You didn't try to hit these birds. Your gun was pointing yards behind them!'

A voice at my back addressed the accusing figure : ' If he had tried to kill them, Bryant, I would have shot him ! ' I turned in time to catch a wink from the doctor.

This murderous talk startled Bryant momentarily, but he soon recovered his composure. Summoning his friends and the keeper, he strode off to where his car had been left on the old road. Presently we heard him drive off. Dr. McWhirter had his car there as well. I hurried him toward it and asked him to cover the half-mile to my home as fast as he could.

Twenty minutes later, I was back at the quarry with Roy, my own spaniel. Snow was still falling, and it was now almost completely dark. I took Roy to the place where last I had seen Kallee. The scent must have been weak and cold, if it existed at all. But Roy has the best nose of any dog I know, and we found Kallee in the bushes by the old quarry road.

He tried feebly to struggle away through the undergrowth, but got tangled up in a coil of fence-wire, and there I picked him up. He was pretty far gone and I felt sure that he could not last long. For a moment I held him, wondering what to do. Then a spark falling from the stove caught my eye, and I walked toward the hut.

I put Kallee in my cap and laid him before the stove, then sat down on an upturned pail. Roy settled beside me and we looked at the partridge. His eyes were closed ; I knew that he was dying. For a minute or two we sat, then the heat seemed to restore Kallee a little. His eyes opened again. He stared toward the fire, and although it should have frightened him, he did not move. Perhaps he was not seeing it at all.

Presently he stood up, lurched, then recovered again, and I saw that one of his feet was almost shot away, yet he

showed no sign of feeling pain. Next moment both Roy and I started involuntarily when Kallee suddenly opened his bill and cried 'Chee-rik.' I stared at the bird in amazement. Despite his terrible injuries, he was sounding the call to another ingathering.

Even Roy seemed to sense the tragedy of that moment. He looked up at me with puzzled, questioning eyes. Then Kallee called again, and his cry was followed by a distant 'Chee-reep,' as one of the covey answered from the berry field. I do not think Kallee heard the reply, but he steadied himself and hopped slowly on his poor, broken foot, out of my cap and away through the door.

I heard him cry again and saw one of the young birds come from the brambles and run to him. Another followed, then another, and presently all eight were there. And together Kallee and his family passed out of sight in the darkness. I waited ten minutes, then motioned to Roy, and we went home under a clearing sky where stars were coming out.

With old John Blair I returned to Redstone Quarry in the morning. Roy trotted at my heels, and I told him to search in the brambles by the old road. He found Kallee just beyond the hedge, and Kallee was dead. A line of footprints leading away over the snow told us the route the covey had taken when they left their leader. They would know that he was dead, and they would not return to him again. But they took with them a heritage of wariness and intelligence that would ensure their safety for many a day to come. And if partridges have memories, they would never forget Kallee.

I picked up the brown bird and handed him to my companion. John Blair did not speak immediately, but gently

spread the little bit of wing on Kallee's left side. Then he looked at the newly broken wing and the shattered foot, and he shook his head. He whispered something, but I could not tell what it was that he said. Then he spoke to me: 'You knew this bird best, I think?'

'Yes,' I replied; 'I've known and watched him since his cheeper days.'

'Well, we'll go home, now,' continued the old man; 'and as we go I would like you to tell me all that you know about him.'

A month later, the keeper called at my house and told me that his employer would like to see me. Old John met me at his door with a warm handshake. He told me as we went into the house that he had terminated Bryant's tenancy of the shooting; and I was glad to hear of it. I was led into the library, and here Mr. Blair pointed to an exquisite little painting that hung above the fireplace.

'How do you like it?' he said; and he mentioned the name of a noted artist.

I walked across the room and looked at the picture. It was of a partridge, and I recognised Kallee. He stood on a little snow-covered knoll at sunset in an attitude of watchfulness, whilst around him crouched eight other younger birds—birds of the year. I read the title and the inscription below:

THE RUNNER.

'He had lost a wing; but he was the only partridge on Balbracken Estate ever known to take a covey through a shooting-season without the loss of a single bird.'

I felt a thrill of pride when I remembered my acquaintance with Kallee. And it was there beside his picture that I

silently swore my vow that, when the coveys rise before me in root or stubble field hereafter, I will keep my weapon at 'trail' and let the brown birds go. And I was very happy to think that I was able to help a little in the quarry hut on that last snowy night, when Kallee heard the call to his last ingathering.

TO JOHN DONNE.

*High over Hades soared a golden bird,
And all the shadows heard
A clarion voice,
That cried, 'Rejoice,
For Death is dead !'
And not one shadow stirred.*

*Stiff as black candles Pluto and his wife
Sat listening for the rife
Leaf-rustle of feet,
Tongue, or heart-beat,
And froze with dread ;
For Death to ghosts is Life.*

C. E. B. SILK.

OLD MICHAEL AND HIS FAMILY.

BY PAMELA HINKSON.

WHEN one enters the garden, to find Old Michael perched high and perilously on his ladder against the wall, or half-hidden among the branches of the apple trees, pruning, one knows that spring has come. It is the approach of full summer when one finds him on a May evening, bent double absolutely—as he is almost bent already, by the rheumatism—putting out bedding plants, in absolutely straight rows.

All Old Michael's gardening is done in absolutely straight rows. Ribbon borders are his delight. And, since he has ruled the garden for nearly fifty years, his sovereignty unquestioned, nothing wanders in it from his order of regularity.

For a very brief time he retired on pension, being eighty or thereabouts and having surely earned his leisure. And the owner of the garden—the nominal owner—who had never wielded her sovereignty in twenty years or so that it had been hers in name—had dreams of borders of her own making. Such borders as grow joyously in Irish gardens, with their rich soil and the kind soft air over them, the frequent rains and a benediction of sunlight between—hardly ever a period of steady burning sun to leave the garden dry and arid.

She had thought of borders such as she had known in childhood. (In memories of such gardens it is always childhood.) Tossed beauty of colour, melting one into the other above the head of a child who walked the path between

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She had thought of borders such as she had known in childhood. (In memories of such gardens it is always childhood.) Tossed beauty of colour, melting one into the other above the head of a child who walked the path between

them. Blue lupins, iris, cloudy white spiræa, pink and scarlet poppies, later delphiniums, red and pink rose-scented peonies. In their turn, phlox, with their haunting smell, that for one garden lover, more than any other smell in the world, can take her back to childhood and an Irish garden in full summer. Pink and purple those phlox were, and the smell of them sweet and a little musty. When they were picked for great jars about the house, they had the smell that an Irish country house has, a dim, sweet mustiness. It is the smell of many years of wood and turf fires, of the dampness of old walls and old wood in them being dried by those fires. It has the haunting magic and association of another smell—that of haymaking and hay drying. A sweet security showed in the kind faces of the phlox growing in that garden of childhood's memory, the same sweet security that was in the nursery which smelt of them. Strengthened by that safe and peaceful background, the golden rod and red-hot pokers in late August and early September, were as brave as the courage that was made in such nurseries.

There had been an old gardener in that garden too. He had made the garden and kept the garden for so long, that he had come to be the Spirit of it, a tiny little man like a bird, immortally old he had seemed to a child's eyes, and he was surely more spirit than body. He had really retired and only returned now and again as a visitor, the gentlest and most welcome revenant, to walk through the garden that had once been his, remembering how it had failed him on occasion, being too cold and wet for the strawberries that grew so well over there at the Castle for his rival gardener. 'That was a kind garden, a warm kind garden.'

But Hyland would look at his own, which lay too low certainly (it had always in it the sound of the river running

outside the walls, and over those walls the sun poured at evening in a golden flood) and in the old face and his troubled eyes, there would show the deeper feeling that we give to things or people whom we love and who hurt us; and whom we love only the more for that, having paid a price for their possession which makes them infinitely and unforgettably precious. The gardener over there at the Castle with his garden lying high and open to the sun, had never felt more for his warm kind earth, than Hyland felt for the cold corner of his where the shadows lay.

Old Michael, since the rheumatism got him, seems to have been twisted into something the shape of his own apple trees, as though in spirit he were akin to them. Perched in that perilous fashion among their branches to prune them, he is in the world of the trees. They must know his touch and understand even the knife he brings them for their good.

For—his retirement was so brief that we have forgotten it. It does not seem that there was ever a moment when the garden was ours, to walk through it if we chose, with a well-behaved dog at our heels, not fearing at any corner to come upon the little twisted figure, limping along the path with resentment in every line of it, to hear his voice directed apparently into the air, but with a deadly certainty in its aim: 'I am greatly troubled indeed by them dogs.'

Or—if someone—the garden boy, who will be very very wise and patient after he has worked under Old Michael for some years and may become perhaps in time another gardener of Old Michael's kind—should have taken a spade and not brought it back. From his ladder on the wall, or the old kitchen chair which he sometimes uses instead, Old Michael will turn, a little ball of fury, his eyes bright, his face scarlet.

'There's no keeping anything with them at all. Sure they take everything and lave you nothing.'

Now he is eighty-four and one wonders, have they a garden ready for him in Heaven? With, surely, a guard of angels to stand about it with flaming swords.

He was eighty or thereabouts when he retired on pension, not to be a gentleman of leisure, but merely to transfer his activities from the garden to the small farm that he and his son own between them and where everything had been going wrong surely without him.

At seventeen Michael started his service to the family he was afterwards to rule. Sixty-three years of work is a long time. For a portion of them, ever since he attained the position of 'Old Michael' with all the dignity and privileges that go with that Irish title, he has taken a month off during the dapping season, to go fishing. For the month of May, whenever you look towards the lake, you will see the black shape of his boat against the water and the two still figures of fishermen in it—Old Michael, and his youngest son who lost a leg in the War, and has leisure, on his pension, to be a fisherman. Once it was one figure when Old Michael went alone.

There is little about fishing or about the ways of the lake that Old Michael does not know. He taught the sons of the house some of it, laying aside, for the bond of that occupation, the established antagonism of the gardener against them and their kind. Boys and gardeners are natural enemies and Old Michael carries this war further even than most of his kind. Boys and dogs. There is no place for them in gardens. (Although Old Michael loves his own dog only second perhaps to his garden, and has threatened to shoot anyone that would be laying a hand on him.) Once in the hey-day of his strength and vigour he was offered help in the garden, beyond that given by the amenable garden boy of that day who obeyed his orders meekly and smiled at

him behind his back. He had made his own tool of that garden boy, but the proffered help came from a little distance, and he had all the Irish suspicion of a stranger and a foreigner from the next county or village. 'I wouldn't like to see one of Them coming into it at all,' he said. And no light for a child listening ever broke the darkness to reveal what would be happening if one of Them should be coming into it.

The war went on for many years against the sons of the house and against the dogs, who would slip through the gate at their mistress's heels in the wonderful way of dogs who are not wanted and are quite insensitive about it—flattening and elongating themselves with such skill that it seemed no gate ever made could keep them out. But Michael is the last stronghold of chivalry and the one daughter had special privileges and exemptions, even though she broke Michael's heart gathering her flowers and being obliged to walk on his newly raked beds in order to do so. Michael carried that broken heart gallantly, following with his rake only after Miss Patricia had left the garden and her long slender footprints behind her. So her brothers employed her and her feminine wiles disgracefully in the distraction of the gardener. While she won his devotion by admiring his flowers and listening to his talk of the 'tratement' they should receive, the boys were having their own way with the strawberry beds or among the raspberries.

They had another ally then in Michael's brother, the carpenter, known as 'Jack the Gunner,' because of his service in the artillery. Jack the Gunner was and is two years older than Michael, and in spite of his military title as gentle as Michael is fierce. To the carpenter's shop in the yard the boys would go for many delights, to get things made or mended, to hear tales of campaigning under Kitchener in

Egypt, and to be warned of Michael the gardener's movements. Jack the Gunner now lives too in retirement on his own farm across the bog. He has a son who is 'John the Gunner' to the country people, indicating him. Another son a priest, who is 'Father Tim the Gunner' and, appropriately, a Missionary in Africa.

Old Michael's retirement began to end the day that the son of the house—now thirty and ruling the estate, but still a troublesome boy to Michael's eyes—took on himself the job of clipping the laurels beside the gate. He had one side clipped and went down to start the other, to find Michael there before him, up on a kitchen chair, his shears in his hand.

'That's a terrible bad hand you made of the laurels, Mr. Denis!' he remarked, and Mr. Denis was wise enough to leave him to his clipping. A little later he asked Michael's help about growing tomatoes and the old man reappeared then in the garden and remained there.

Now and again, of course, the rheumatism incapacitates him and he must take a day off. Or he is laid up with a chill as he was last winter, when he sat before the fire with an old khaki scarf of his soldier son's tied round his head, his spectacles on his nose, reading a little and being very cross and bored. Asked how he was: 'Indeed he was only poorly,' and nothing annoyed him more than to be told that he was better or appeared so. Indeed then he didn't feel it. He was laid up through the time when they should be planting 'the pays and banes,' and this kept him awake at night and in agony by day. 'I told Mr. Denis to get this and that, but sure he'll never think of it.' He got the peas and beans himself at last and prepared them, drew a chart on each packet as to how they were to be planted, gave an obedient messenger minute instructions as to the

depth and the width apart, these instructions to be passed on to the garden boy. A little fine earth was to be spread on top finally, he directed, turning his old face to me, to see if I really understood. 'And mind you!' With the tone of a General giving final instructions before a vital battle. 'No raking!'

He has a little brown donkey, very like himself, as human beings and animals become who are in constant and close companionship, and drives about behind him now that it is a weariness to walk. They follow the Hunt together, these two, when it is in the neighbourhood, going with their small rattling cart over the most surprising country, finding a gate or gap somewhere to get through. On working days the little brown donkey stands on three legs outside the garden gate, with his cart behind him, dreaming patiently for hours while he waits to carry the Gardener home. Then on Sunday, brushed and groomed, both of them, Michael most distinguished in his Sunday clothes, his low collar and tie and stiff white shirt front and the funny little black hat he wears on Sundays and formal occasions, they take the road to Mass an hour before anyone else. Michael has a conviction, established for himself and irremovable, that if he is not the first of the congregation to enter the church, he is late.

There is something royal about this rule of precedence from which there is no variation ever in Michael's Sundays. Other people may straggle up the village street and into the church as they like. But he must be there first and enter alone. What far-off tradition has moved him to this unconscious gesture? 'Old Michael' is a proud Irish title—one not to be bought by money or even by years, for there will never again be an 'Old Michael,' at Golden Wood, when his dignity lies buried with him. It is in keeping with

the title, to which one suspects the bearer of this has a right of connection.

There is a Prince of his name whose territorial description is, 'of the Glens.' Whatever happened to this branch of the family in Ireland's troubled history, which brought many great families from Castle to Cabin, and set many adventurers high in their places, there is no question about the breeding.

Michael's eldest son—who has taken the place that was once his as steward—tall and gentle, with a voice of strange wistful sweetness, looks like one of the Apostles—after the Tongues of Fire had descended. He is 'Young Michael' although he is a grandfather, and he will be Young Michael to the end of his days when Old Michael has taken his title to Heaven with him.

Yesterday, driving in pouring summer rain, we picked up on the road a little barefoot figure, wrapped otherwise from head to ankles in oilskins, on his way to the post two miles away. He was going for the pension for Grandfather and for the War pension that makes Uncle Tom a man of means. This trusted messenger and carrier of riches, turned a rose and white rain-soaked face to us, as he expressed his thanks, as like an angel's as any I have seen. In the village shop I left a few pennies on the counter and him to his choice of sweets. He spent the pennies on a bag of biscuits, which he produced as he sat in the back of the car going home and offered to us in front, with perfect ease and hospitality. When I had taken one: 'Take more, miss,' he said, kindly and encouragingly.

'Young Michael's' sister, married to a farm labourer—the family are scattered about still on the estate in this patriarchal manner—has a beauty and distinction as she moves across the yard, having come to the dairy for her

milk, which some duchesses might envy. It is not a peasant beauty, but something rare and unusual, not the prettiness of a young face that passes with age. This has survived the hardness of years of life on a pound a week, with six children. It is a delicacy of feature and of the thoughts within, that bring each year only an increase. I have seen such beauty in ladies of fine and true aristocracy. A Princess of the Glens, perhaps . . .

Then there is Tom, the wild lad of the family, whose innocent wildness made him the accomplice of the sons of the house in many a raid on apples and other fruit when his father's back was turned; and sent him, in due course, to the War and a different form of raiding, during which he must have remembered sometimes a boy's apple stealing on Irish autumn evenings. Praying for a mist to hide men from Death, he must surely have remembered those other mists that slipped up from the lake and hid a boy's flight from pursuit and all but his laughter as he dropped over the garden wall into safety. He joined the oldest and most famous of Irish regiments—now disbanded and its Colours, dusty with half-forgotten dreams, hanging in St. George's Chapel at Windsor—which had its depot and its recruiting ground in this country. An appreciation of the regiment will bring a light to Tom's lean face, which has something of eternal youth in it. (He will be, in spirit, 'Young Tom' to the end of his days.)

'It was a grand regiment.'

'I thought so, anyway,' he says, leaning on his crutches. He gave one leg for that regiment.

He limps these days, as brave as a bird, about the place on his two crutches, with which he can do more than many men with two whole legs. He rides a bicycle, taking his crutches with him, strapped on to the long bar. His face,

from long days on the lake, is deeply sunburnt under the wide caubeen which he has twisted into a shape of his own, pointed in front and at the back, like an Admiral's hat. His eyes in the sunburn are a deeper blue than any of his family's—as though he had seen a gleam and caught it into his vision for ever. So he stood recently in the front row of a little group collected outside the church door by a Sunday Election speaker, leaning on his crutches, his face lifted to the man shouting from the car above, listening.

The speaker talked of the next War, as one who knows nothing of such things, using the threat lightly as an election argument, talking to the people of their food supply in such a case, as though in no other way could it affect them. Tom, who had seen War, leaning on his crutches listening, said nothing at all and one wondered what he was thinking.

His tall lean body (which has many wounds in it besides the one that took away his leg), hopping now where it once strode, is as familiar a sight about the lake's edge as it was in the days when he took on the education of the young sons of the house from his father, teaching them all that he knew about fishing. And about the bird life of the lake and the country around. How the duck would come in at evening to their feeding grounds in the barley-fields or on the marshes. How to find a nest that they would have made on the edge of a drain. You'd be guided to that by the smell of it blown suddenly in your face. When you might hear—lying in bed some bright October morning—the first cry of the Wild Geese coming back from the Northern lands, a gaggle-gaggle as they flew again under the Irish sky. And that evening, with the frost sharpening everything into beauty, you'd slip down to Long Island to find them darkening that rocky promontory that stretches out into the water, one or two a little apart, the sentinels, looking up and down,

behind and before, to give warning of the approach of danger.

How the snipe would be out on the Red Bog these days, after nights of full moon to light their feeding. And, with the wind coming from the Atlantic, Tom knew all about the flight of birds in it; how they would zig-zag at first, finding their way, and if you were to walk them down wind they would get the wind of you. But as they turned nose into the wind as they liked best to fly, you'd get a second shot at them as they went over, high.

Much of his country wisdom learnt from birds and beasts and from the air and wind, Tom must have taken to the War, as the eldest son of the house took what he had learned. He was to remember, watching an aeroplane fly before a hundred guns turned on it, the small dark snipe tossed here and there by the wind against an Irish winter sky. When he flew himself over the German lines, every gun, every eye below him an enemy, he came to a fellow feeling and sympathy for the birds. And making his first landing, head straight into the wind, he remembered many things that he and Tom had learned about the wind together, before they could have imagined how they should use such knowledge.

Tom has a touch and way with animals such as his father has with plants and trees. A fish, a shot rabbit, may cease their agonised leaping to lie quietly in his hands, dying. His fingers are strong and gentle and amazingly deft. He can mend or make anything. I have come upon him on a May evening, busy with his boat drawn up on the shore above the little inlet that serves as harbour. Unaware of anyone near, I had been saying something to myself, aloud, and, emerging from the trees that edge the lake, was embarrassed to find someone there. But Tom was unaware of me until I spoke. He was sitting—cross-legged he would

have been if he had had two legs to cross—in his boat, hammering at it, doing some repairs. He was talking too and in some world of his own, so that he did not hear or see me come. (And Tom's voice as it called to me yesterday, news of his fishing across the water from his boat to mine, has a strange beautiful sad sweetness, like his brother's.)

But, mending his boat he was not talking to himself. The one-legged man is never lonely. He has a splendid handsome young wife who loves him, and is as tender and patient and wise as a mother when the inevitable darkness of a War mood comes upon him from time to time. He has his dogs and the lake of which he knows every inch, the birds, the fish and the country. He has a donkey and cart and his donkey is the best fed and treated in the neighbourhood. And his boat, which is a living companion too. He talks to his things. And it was to his boat that he was talking that spring evening as I came upon him. When he is out fishing, he talks to his flies.

'Look pretty now,' he says, casting a May-fly on the water.

THE BANDIT.

BY FRANCIS STUART.

JULIE's mother let rooms to lodgers in her rather dingy house on Townsend Road. They had had, as long as Julie could remember, a succession of junior teachers from the local school and sometimes an elderly clerk from one of the near-by banks. So that when a red-headed young man who was neither one nor the other came to lodge, Julie was interested in him at once.

Nor was she disappointed. His habits and talk were entirely different from those of any previous lodger. When Julie brought him his breakfast at eleven o'clock (that being the hour when he had asked for it) he would still be in bed in a pair of bright-green pyjamas and there would be a stale smell of tobacco in the room. He was always ready to have Julie stay and talk while he ate. He seemed to have endless leisure and never went out, or even bothered to dress, until late in the afternoon. But then he seldom returned until late at night either. Julie often heard him letting himself in from where she lay awake in the little room over the porch.

From being merely interested by him and amused by his talk and impressed by his indolent, leisurely ways she came to have a sort of hero-worship for him. Julie was seventeen and she had never met anyone like Louis before.

Gradually as they saw more and more of each other he began to confide in her. And while he told her about himself she would sit on the edge of his bed, her hands

clasped round her knees, her eyes shining and her face rapt. The dingy little bed-sitting-room would fade before her and she would see the wild, exciting scenes that he described to her.

For Louis confided in her the nature of his occupation. Not, however, until he had by careful questioning elucidated the fact that she was the sort of girl to whom a 'Big Shot' in the city underworld appeared the height of romance. The sort of 'Big Shot' that Louis finally admitted to being, a smash-and-grab jewel thief, and on occasions a bank hold-up bandit, was to Julie what a Fairy Prince had seemed to her when she was younger. Actually to have such a person for a friend was beyond her wildest dreams.

'Aren't you very rich?' she asked him. It was funny that he was living in her mother's cheap bed-sitting-room, but the ways of such people were naturally mysterious.

'See that?' he asked, kicking a rather battered old suitcase that was on the floor. 'It's half full of bank-notes, but I daren't try and get rid of them yet. Another month or two and then——' He broke off, leaning back in the chair he was lounging in before the gas-fire, and began to hum a gay tune, watching at the same time the effect that this revelation had on Julie. She stared at the very ordinary-looking piece of luggage. She would have loved one glimpse at the treasure, but she thought that to ask him might be presuming too much on his trust. She even tried not to appear too curious. Men like Louis would like a girl to be casual and ready to take things pretty much for granted, she supposed. There was a high standard for her to live up to now.

'That's why I'm a bit short at the moment,' he went on. 'A queer thing, isn't it? Thousands in there, and me having to take buses when I go down-town to meet the boys in the

evenings. Of course, they'd lend me anything I asked them, but I never do.'

Julie nodded. She understood the way a fellow like Louis would feel with those half-legendary characters he referred to as 'the boys.' No doubt they risked their lives, or at least their freedom, for whatever wealth they might have, and that made him more diffident about asking for a loan.

'Anyhow,' Louis told her, 'it's my own fault. I got through my last haul too quickly. Fairly chucked the stuff around. Why, I remember one night . . .' And he was off on one of his stories of wild carousal that held Julie spell-bound.

Of course she lent him her own small savings. He had not wanted to take them at once, but she made him. And as it was only going to be for such a short time and afterwards he'd be able to get her anything she wanted, he consented. Of course he made her promise not to breathe a word to anyone of all he had told her.

As if she would have dreamed of doing so! Except, that is, to her brother, George. He was three or four years younger than Julie, and she was very proud to be at last in a position where he would have to look up to her. Usually it was the other way round. Now he had to admit that Julie had justified all the airs she gave herself. George used to wait on the landing just to catch a glimpse of the bandit going out in the late afternoons. And when the door of the front room opened and Louis came out in a somewhat worn overcoat and a soft hat slightly on the side of his red head, the boy held his breath. He was always afraid that the man would glance round and see that he was being spied upon. Then, George thought, anything might happen. But he was very careful and only put a fraction of his face round the corner of the wall.

Sometimes Julie went out with Louis. And knowing that her brother was watching she swept down the stairs and out of the door beside Louis with an air that even the critical George could not deny was justified.

They went for bus rides into remote parts of the city. This was part of Louis' 'work.' He was spying out fresh ground. He pointed out to her certain shops and banks that he 'had his eye on.' Sometimes they got off the bus and walked up and down a street several times. Julie, he said, was very useful to him like this; they didn't attract any attention hanging round certain buildings as he might have done alone. Proud wasn't the name she felt on these trips, and there wasn't anything she wouldn't have done for him. She hadn't any more money to lend him, but when she broached the matter to George he at once opened his money-box and gave her what he had. That night Louis stayed out with 'the boys' very late, and in the morning she found him when she brought his breakfast still dressed with a blanket pulled over him.

About that time he began to talk to her of a bank the other side of the city that they had been past several times on their 'strolls.' It appeared that a big city firm drew money for wages out of it every Friday afternoon. They went out there three Fridays running and saw the man whom the firm sent. They saw him go in to the bank and come out again. He carried a black leather bag. They followed him up the street and round the corner as far as the entrance to the offices of the firm of tyre-manufacturers.

It was a quiet enough street in a suburb given over to factories and warehouses. She thought that a dare-devil bandit like Louis would have an easy enough job in holding the messenger up, taking the bag, and getting away. After some of the exploits he had described to her it would be

child's play. Still, with all the money he had in that suitcase, and which he told her would be safely negotiable very soon now, she didn't see much point in running even this slight risk.

'You see,' Louis told her, 'this would be all one-pound notes probably. Stuff you could get rid of right away. With that I could get to a place where I could unload the big stuff I've got waiting.'

'Listen, Louis. Will you let me come with you on this job? I'd do exactly as you told me. I might even be a help,' she implored him. Julie was not a bad girl. Just a rather silly, romantic girl of seventeen or so who had been to too many films and read too many gangster stories. If Louis had been a detective instead of a daring bandit she would have been all for the law. What she wanted was excitement and adventure, and a hero who did things. Given someone like that she was a loyal little help. It was just bad luck that the first young man she had ever come across who was not completely drab had been Louis.

'Aw, I don't know,' he said. 'A girl would be in the way.'

But she went on begging him.

Days and weeks passed and there was no more talk of pulling off that job. Their outings together became very infrequent, and when Julie questioned him Louis was evasive and said something about lying low for a bit, hinting that the C.I.D. men were keeping a sharp look out for him, having got word that he had returned to the city. All the same, he continued to go out nearly every afternoon and did not return till late at night.

It was George who first began to question if their lodger was all he made himself out to be. He was a little envious of Julie's admiration for him which had before been lavished

on himself. Her brother's growing scepticism, combined with Louis' coolness and neglect, began to have an effect on the girl. Not that she really doubted Louis for a moment. But she wanted to silence her brother's hints, which were getting on her nerves.

'When I see that haul of notes, I'll believe it,' he kept saying.

It was not difficult to get a key that fitted the old suitcase in Louis' room. She got a bunch from a local locksmith, making an excuse of having lost one of her own. Then one afternoon when Louis had gone out and George was out of the way she went into the little bed-sitting-room. She did not want her brother there in case there was a disappointment. She could not have borne his ironic comments. Besides, even if the notes weren't there, it wouldn't prove anything. Louis might easily have removed them to a safer hiding-place. Especially if he had heard the police were looking for him.

She pulled the case out from under the bed. She had not much difficulty in opening it. At first she did not quite understand the significance of what she saw in it. But at any rate there were no bundles of notes, not even a single note. There were, though, about ten or twelve women's handbags, four or five pairs of silk stockings with the price tabs still on, eight or ten children's little hats and berets, two children's overcoats, and certain other odds and ends.

Gradually Julie understood. A horrible sensation of disgust and despair took hold of her. And then, quickly, came a wave of anger drying up the tears of disillusion that had started to her eyes.

Louis was that lowest of all petty crooks, a woman's bag-snatcher, a robber of children, and (as she now knew from

experience) a petty confidence trickster of boys and girls like herself and her brother.

She banged back the lid, locked it again, and kicked the case back under the bed. Then she sat down on the bed to think. George must never know. She could not have borne that last humiliation. But that was going to be difficult. If she didn't agree to opening the suitcase with him, he would do so on his own one of these days.

She hit on a plan. That messenger who came every Friday afternoon from the bank to the tyre-factory. Of course, Louis had never had the slightest intention of holding him up. All that talk of his, and their spying out the land, had just been staged to impress a silly girl and screw her savings out of her. She saw that, of course. Very well, but *she* would bring off that job herself. Dangerous, it might be. But now she didn't care about that. Her first loyalty had been outraged and she was so miserable that she did not mind much what happened to her. She went over her plan calmly. She thought she could bring it off. If she did she would make it all right about George. That was now her only objective. He must never know the awful thing that had happened to her.

On Friday she waited, strolling up and down the street, until she saw the messenger arrive at the bank. She herself was carrying a suitcase.

As soon as Julie saw the messenger go into the bank she walked on in the direction of the tyre-factory. When she turned the corner into the street where the factory was she saw that it was empty except for a woman who was wheeling a perambulator. She was going away in the opposite direction.

Julie waited with wildly beating heart. If the woman had not got far enough before the messenger turned the

corner on his return or if someone else appeared in the street before he did, then it meant waiting until the following week. How she would be able to keep George from looking into Louis' suitcase for another week she did not know.

She was standing about twenty yards from the corner of the street. The woman with the baby was now far down towards the other end. Julie could not delay any longer. She would have to risk her looking round. She quickly lay down, stretching herself along the pavement, which was luckily dry. She put her suitcase beside her as though it had fallen at her side. She had her head in such a position that she could watch the corner. There was the danger that someone else might appear before the factory messenger.

But Julie had what might be called, perhaps, beginner's luck. In a moment the messenger appeared carrying the little black bag. When he saw her he quickened his step. She had shut her eyes.

She heard his footsteps stop beside her. She felt his hand on her and heard him ask her what was wrong. She opened her eyes, doing her best to look dazed. He was bending over her. He had put down the bag on the pavement.

'It's nothing,' she said in a weak voice. 'I must have fainted.'

She felt rather ashamed of herself at that moment. But she told herself that *he* wouldn't suffer. She was trying limply to get to her feet. He was in front of her with his hands under her arms. And then, crouched as she was, her knees bent, in just the position that she had rehearsed at home, she suddenly butted forward with her hard little head, and catching the messenger full in the solar plexus sent him sprawling backwards on to the pavement.

In a second she had grabbed the black bag in one hand and

her suitcase in the other and in another second was round the corner. A few doors on there was a café which she had already explored. This she dived into and went into the ladies' room. The entrance to this, as she had noted, was close to the street door and she did not think anyone had seen her come in.

Locking herself in, she opened the brown suitcase and from inside it took out a small bright green one. She opened this, took out a raincoat and a hat, changed them for the ones she was wearing, washed all the make-up off her face. She opened the black bag, had one look inside, put the bag in the green suitcase, packed the tweed coat and hat she had been wearing in the brown suitcase, which she concealed as best she could behind a cistern, and then went out again into the street.

There, to her great relief, there appeared to be no sign of excitement. A few people were walking along the pavements. The usual sparse traffic was passing along the roadway. The messenger was no doubt back at the factory reporting the robbery and telephoning to the police. That would be the only thing he could do when he had picked himself up and seen no trace of his assailant.

Julie jumped on a bus and went home.

Louis was out when she got back. She went into his room, opened his suitcase, emptied it of the pitiful evidence of his mean thefts and neatly deposited in their place the bundles of notes from the black bag. She only took from one packet the amount that George had lent Louis.

She re-locked his suitcase and removed the things she had taken out of it in her own green one. The ladies' handbags and the stockings she burnt in the kitchen range, but she made a parcel of the children's hats and coats, and, disguising her handwriting, addressed them to the police and left the

package tied to some railings in a deserted street in another part of the city.

The next afternoon, the moment Louis had gone out, she brought her brother into his room.

She had the bunch of keys in her hands, and was just about to pull out the suitcase and vindicate herself in her young brother's eyes, have her little moment of restored esteem, when they heard the front door open and the sound of several people on the stairs.

Julie had only time to hide the keys when the door opened and Louis came in, accompanied by two men. At first she thought it was a couple of 'the boys' whom he had met on the doorstep as he was going out. But then she remembered that there probably were no 'boys' at all. That was all part of his boasting lies. A mean and petty bag-snatcher did not belong to any gang. No gang would have accepted him.

It became evident in a moment that the two men with him were detectives. They had been waiting for him in the street. And she saw with shame the contempt with which they treated him, not even bothering to watch him closely.

They nodded to Julie and her brother.

'You know the sort of fellow you've been letting your room to?' one of them asked. 'Well, just a minute and we'll show you.' They didn't even tell them to get out of the room. They apparently wanted to give Louis the shame of exposing his mean violence before these youngsters.

Louis handed one of the detectives a key. He was making no trouble. That riled them too. They knew that the most he could get was a few months, and that was not worrying an old lag like him. He had been in before.

'If I had my way I'd alter the law to get fellows like you

a few years' stretch,' one of the men told him. Louis only smiled. Julie couldn't bear the sight of him standing there shameless and mean and furtive. She didn't know how she had ever been taken in.

But at least she had one great consolation. George would never know.

One of the 'men opened the suitcase, stared at the neat bundles of notes that she had placed there the day before and started to his feet. All the easy contempt and casualness went out of his manner. He pulled a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and snapped them on Louis' wrists. Louis stared aghast. George stared with bright eyes. The other detective whistled as he examined the notes.

'Look here—look here——' Louis began.

'That's enough, my lad,' the detective who had him by the arm said. 'You're not the kind we were after, it seems, and, though it may be worse for you, I'm blessed if I don't think more of you than I did a moment ago, eh, Charlie?'

'That's right,' his companion said from where he was kneeling over the suitcase. 'This cove's got a nerve all right. I'll say that for him.'

BALLAD OF THE SHIVERING SAND.

Forsooth I rode the shivering sand,
 Myself alone, and none beside.
 I rode to snatch her to the land,
 I rode to save Trevarrock's bride.
 I cast my challenge to the sea,
 And set the half-held prisoner free.
 I saw her palfrey slide and sink,
 I heard her shriek of agony.
 Trevarrock, trembling on the brink,
 Hurl'd frantic pleadings to the sky.
 I cursed him for a whimpering hound,
 And spurred my charger to the bound.
 I caught Morwenna as I passed
 And dragged her to my saddlebow.
 The breakers, ominous and vast,
 Stormed at us in an angry row.
 My very crest was dashed with foam,
 But yet I bore her safely home.
 I heeded not the bridegroom's cries,
 I care not for his threatenings vain,
 I hold and keep my lovely prize,
 Won on that awful battle plain;
 When earth and sea conspired to slay,
 And love and daring gained the day.

DORA L. BECK.

[The author, aged 78 and totally blind, died a few days after the above had been accepted for publication.]

ECHOES OF 'HIPPOLYTUS.'

BY JAMES FERGUSON.

THE *Hippolytus* of Euripides is one of the few plays which, however often re-read, retains for me the same perpetual novelty, the same ineluctable magic, as the greatest plays of Shakespeare. By its maintenance also of a kind of atmosphere of open air, from the dewy freshness of the hunting-scene at the beginning to the background of desolate beach and ocean at the end, it stands apart in my recollection from any other Greek play I have read.

I am not a fluent reader of Greek : my familiarity with *Hippolytus* was won slowly, at the cost of many re-readings and much use of a lexicon ; but the labour was sweet and the reward generous. Perhaps this gradual excavation of the verbal beauty of the play from the covering of an unfamiliar language accounts in part for the hold it has upon my mind ; but other influences drew me to it long before I had read more than a few lines of the Greek text.

Some years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, good fortune drew me into a company of enthusiasts who spent the first fortnight of each long vacation in travelling through country districts of England giving performances of Greek plays (in English) in such open-air settings as seemed worthy of the representation. A fourth or fifth generation of the same college still carries on this annual festival of combined travel and drama, but their route nowadays is chosen with more consideration of the box office than was shown by my companions. We planned our stages with a romantic and sometimes unpractical eye ;

and bad weather, or the apathy or even lack of an audience, occasionally turned a performance into a fiasco. Such misfortunes, however, did no more than intensify our relish of the bizarre adventures of our journeys and our enjoyment of the successful performances. (To our audiences' enjoyment most of us, I fear, gave little thought.) On each tour there was a feeling of adventure, a careless acceptance of the incalculable fortunes of our journey's next stage, a complete absence of staleness or monotony, which miraculously not only lasted to the end of each year's tour but revived twelve months later to glorify its successor. We enjoyed, as one of my companions has since written, 'many things worth having—summer weather, English country, good company, great poetry, acting, wandering, and a new experience every day.'

My active connection with this irresponsible band of players ended with the tour during which we gave *Hippolytus*, which moreover was the last fortnight of my undergraduate connection with Oxford, so that I clung to each moment of it as to a part of my life which was about to vanish. Many events of that happy fortnight I remember like yesterday; and one of them, a fleeting episode of the performance given on a grey, chilly evening in the ancient fortress of Old Sarum, was the first of three indelible impressions which *Hippolytus* has made on my mind. They were more than impressions. They were deep emotional experiences: three mental adventures which each in turn gave me a sense of being momentarily in intimate touch with the spirit which created the play.

My part in *Hippolytus* was that of the Messenger, whose long speech tells in incomparably vivid narrative the story of Hippolytus's departure under the unjust curse of his father Theseus, the bolting of his horses, and the fearful catastrophe

which wounded him to his death. I took my part very seriously, and its delivery used to fill me at every performance with an almost unbearable intensity of emotion. This may have been increased by the fact that Hippolytus was played by the closest friend of my Oxford days; there must, I think, have been occasions when I unconsciously identified the protagonist of the play with the actor, and felt a personal and actual grief for Hippolytus's death. As a natural consequence I generally overdid the acting of my part; but the speech itself, perhaps the greatest Messenger's speech Euripides ever wrote, aided by a very effective translation (the work of a former member of our company) could not fail to grip any audience, and I never suffered the ignominy of feeling that I had not 'got it over.'

At the Old Sarum performance we acted on a stretch of grass at the far end of the enclosure, against a high mound of masonry, backed by a lowering sunset sky barred with heavy clouds; an appropriate if (for the audience) not very comfortable setting for a tragedy. I had finished my tale of disaster; Theseus—a tall commanding figure with a plangent voice—had given his grudging permission for his son to be borne back to the palace, and I had just turned to take his message back to Hippolytus's attendants, who would bring him forward during the chorus whose first bars were now being sung. It was one of the moments when audience and partially incongruous surroundings were forgotten, and for a space I was living in the story I was helping to portray. Then, as I turned, I saw that the party carrying the stricken Hippolytus had anticipated their cue, and were already advancing on to the high bank at the far corner of our 'stage.' The group moved slowly, with a mournful, dragging step. It stood out bold and black against the angry sky behind. The torches carried by the two leading attend-

ants burned smokily in the strong wind, and after them four figures, their heads bowed, their whole demeanour expressive of speechless grief, bore on their shoulders the bier with the dying Hippolytus. No producer on earth could have bettered that spontaneously grouped entrance ; and to me the tale I had just told, familiar though it was to me, seemed to have come to life. For a moment I held my breath, shocked into the conviction that this was *real*, that it was in truth Hippolytus who was coming down the grassy slope towards me,

‘σάρκας νεαρᾶς ξανθὸν τε κάρα
διαλυμανθεῖς.’

‘*With his youthful limbs and his golden head
Shamefully wounded.*’

One of our performances on each of these tours, regarded always as the climax of the whole fortnight, was given inside the walls of Corfe Castle. Two years after I had played ‘the passionate and weighty *Nuncius*’ in that lovely place, I devoted the greater part of a brief holiday from work in London to wandering over Dorset and Somerset, mostly in the tracks of our company’s tours. One day I spent walking in a leisurely way round the Isle of Purbeck, and the book I took in my pocket was a copy of *Hippolytus*, in Greek. Most of the English version remained firmly in my memory, and with its help I was now able to read and appreciate large and satisfying portions of the original text. After a couple of hours’ walking and a perfect bathe in a tiny cove below the cliffs, I lay on a headland overlooking the sea and opened *Hippolytus*. I read fitfully, feeling rather drowsy. It was a still, warm day ; a light haze covered the hills and the sea ; bees hummed over the thyme and clover of the cliff-top. Below me the sea stretched grey, smooth,

and dully gleaming, like a huge piece of silk ; and its never-ceasing murmur wove itself gradually into the rhythm of the lines I was reading.

I had reached one of Artemis's speeches at the end of the play—I think it was the final one where, coldly and dispassionately, the goddess withdraws herself from her stricken servant—

‘καὶ χαῖρ’. ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐ θέμις φθιτοῦς δρᾶν
οὐδ’ ὄμμα χραίνειν θανάσιμοισιν ἐκπνοαῖς.
δρῶν δέ σ’ ἤδη τοῦδε πλησίον κακοῦ.’

*‘Farewell. I may not look upon the dead,
Nor with the breath of dying be defiled.
And thou, I see, art close upon that end.’*

I stopped reading and raised my eyes from the book. Immediately, as the beat of the lines ceased to sound in my mind, I realised that the same rhythm was continuing in the surge of the waves beneath me. I listened carefully and long. It was unmistakable : the sea's rhythm was iambic.

I felt that I had stumbled on the origin of Greek tragic verse. Was not the sea a part of almost every Greek landscape ? Would not every Athenian be accustomed to the noise of its waves in his ears ? Could not the cry of Xenophon's men, ‘θάλαττα, θάλαττα,’ have been as much an utterance of longing to *hear* the sea again as a joyful acclamation of the sight of it ? . . . It did not take long for my mind to change and reject this theory for romantic imagination ; but for that moment I had felt as if I knew the same elemental surge of slow recurring stresses that had sounded in the brain of Euripides as he fashioned the lines I had been reading. Since then I have sometimes listened for the iambic rhythm in the running of burns ; but I am convinced that water runs over rocks in trochees, not iambs,

as consistently as a railway-train runs in dactyls or anapæsts. Schubert knew that when he set *Wohin*. The iambic rhythm is an oceanic one. Even to-day I cannot hear the sound of waves upon a beach without listening to catch their rhythm ; and once I have recaptured the beat of iambics it stays with me as long as the sea is within hearing.

The third experience was about five years ago, and occurred in a boat off the rocky coast of Wigtownshire. I had gone out towards sunset with three companions to shoot the rock-pigeons which nested in the cliffs. It was an almost unnaturally calm evening, and we drifted silently into the narrow clefts where the sea lapped gently against the rocks, scarcely dipping the oars for fear of frightening the birds before we could get within shot. I have, I confess, no sentimental qualms over the shooting of any wild bird ; but that evening I did feel a reluctance to kill the pigeons which may have accounted for my missing almost all I fired at. This reluctance was born of my sudden glimpse of the first pigeon we saw. It darted across one of the steep gullies at the bottom of which our boat lay gently rocking on the dark-green water, and vanished into safety in a coign of the opposite wall before a shot could be fired. It swerved in the air, as though doubtful of its way ; then with a glad swoop of certainty it sped forward, turned upward, and disappeared into some invisible cranny below the overhanging brow of the cliff.

There was such speed, such grace, and such happy confidence of refuge in that swoop, that it struck me with the vividness of a personal experience. For an instant I seemed to see into the bird's mind, and to thrill with its own exhilaration of assured safety. Why should this be ? It was as though I had seen the same occurrence, or some part of it, before.

Then I knew. Into the back of my mind had come the first line of the loveliest chorus in *Hippolytus*, that in which the Troezenian women, sympathising with the unhappy Phaedra who is so soon to die by her own hand, sing of their yearning to fly far away from the palace whose sunny terraces are haunted by misery and impending doom. They long to escape with the flight of the sea-birds to the distant Adriatic and the cypress-fringed waters of Eridanus, or to the fabulous Hesperides where beside the dark-blue ocean grow the celestial apple-trees. It is the same emotion, the same longing for escape and peace, as filled the Hebrew poet who cried 'O for the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest.'

ἡλιβάτοις ὑπὸ κευθμῶσι γενοίμαν.'

The untranslatable word in that line is the 'ὑπὸ.' It includes, as I realised at that moment, more than a single word of English can contain. Up—in—under : so had the pigeon flown to its refuge in 'the steep hiding-places.' So must Euripides have seen a sea-bird dart to its nest in the cliffs of Attica. For an instant, sitting in that swaying boat under the red rocks, while the sunset ebbed down the sky and the water lapped quietly at my side, I again felt the mind of the poet reaching out across the centuries to touch mine.

A CANOE IN FLORIDA.

BY MAJOR R. RAVEN-HART.

THERE is a legend that, when Italy entered the Great War, the Republic of San Marino decided, as an act of solidarity, to declare war on Austria ; and found herself unable to do so, because she had forgotten to make peace at the end of the last 'hostilities.'

A curious, and in this case historical, parallel exists in the United States : peace was never concluded with the Seminole Indians, no treaty was signed—hostilities merely ceased. Possibly the American Government was justifiably ashamed of past double-dealings and treacheries towards the Indians : possibly it realised that those Indians would not be likely to take any treaty seriously after previous ones had been so cynically violated—in any case, the fact remains that in theory the Seminoles are an unconquered and 'hostile' race within the territory of the United States.

Hostile they may be, officially : very friendly they are in reality—my canoe-cruise began auspiciously, at Silver Springs, where America's inglorious 'Seminole War' started, where Osceola, that Indian leader whose capture in violation of a flag of truce is a stain on American military records, first came into prominence—auspiciously with a hand-shake from a Seminole warrior, picturesque in his national dress of blouse and short skirt, elaborate geometrical designs of blue and red and green patchwork, seated in his cypress-log dug-out beside my boat. It was a handshake across the ages, from the most primitive type of canoe to the most modern, from a hollowed-out solid log to a col-

lapsible, which, with its hull of layers of canvas and rubber vulcanised together, is as modern as the motor-car tyre.

Silver Springs is one of those fountains of clear water that are a feature of Florida rivers. The water here is so transparent that even at depths of eighty feet the bottom is as plainly visible as if the boat were floating on air. I was continually steering in panic to avoid running aground as we neared shallower parts: one such 'shoal' we measured, and it was a good five feet deep—it looked like five inches. It was a disquieting experience to watch fish swimming below the canoe—alarming even, when it was a five-foot gar or a six-foot alligator over which we hovered: the only alligator seen, incidentally, other than those in a sort of zoo at the Springs, where one Ross Allen walked casually among them and kicked them out of his way as I might a pig, and tied them up for shipment.

The water from the Springs (some nine hundred million gallons a day of it) flows away down an eight-mile river, clear all the way, to join the Oklawaha; and we went on down this, cloudier but still far clearer than most European rivers which I have canoed, to join the St. John's at Welaka.

It is an impressive river, that Oklawaha, even oppressively so at times. Its valley is anything from a mile to three miles wide: I mean the flat part at the bottom of that valley, the part which a rise of a foot puts under water. As a result, side-channels abound, 'sloughs' as they are here called (pronounced 'slews'). Often such a side-channel, taking off as much current as the main river itself, would have been indistinguishable from it, had it not been for the Government map: once, in a moment of inattention, we did take a slough in error—fortunately it petered out into a ramification of small, tree-blocked channels within half a mile, not therefore giving us a long pull back

to the entry. The main channel is kept clear of snags—the river is still officially navigable, the bridges are on turntables : perhaps a dozen motor-cruisers make the trip up to Silver Springs in a year, a bridge-tender told us. (Now that is a job . . .)

All this flat, marshy land is thick with trees, cypresses principally with their huge conical boles in the water, their heavy branches showing delicate acid-green foliage that looked as out of place on them as feathers on a hippopotamus, and loaded with draperies of Spanish moss, pen-nants of it trailing down to the water-level. There were willows, of course ; but there was even more myrtle, and behind the thickets that they made were ash-trees, and bay, and gum-trees. Rarely did the bluffs that edge the river-flats reach the water : where they did so it was like a sudden glimpse of another world, rolling slopes with coarse grass, and what America calls 'cedars,' and even groves of oranges and grapefruit.

One of our stops was at a fishing-cabin (it was March, and even in Florida March nights can be unduly chilly for a tent) just across from what had once been the centre of an orange-estate. The present owner told us that it had been the property of an Englishman, 'frozen out' literally like so many others in the exceptional winters of 1895 and 1899 : we plucked tree-ripe fruit from surviving trees, half-hidden to-day by scrub-oak and sparkleberry. Our host (he owned the fishing-shack also) gave us careful directions how to find 'Blue Spring,' another of those sudden, clear stream-sources. It was along a slough, and then up another branching from it, completely over-roofed by tree-branches, and with lianas ('vines,' they call them) dripping to the water and having to be pushed away to let us through. Nowhere have I felt so lost on a water-

way as here, so much in jungle-depths and that jungle-silence which is in reality a lace-work of tiny sounds that come from everywhere and nowhere. He had warned us to remember the way back, and, above all, not to explore farther: he himself, he told us, had lost his way only that spring in that labyrinth of narrow channels, and had thought himself lucky to get out again before 'dusk-dark.' His negro caretaker, working the ferry for rare cars crossing there, repeated and emphasised the warnings: 'Iffen you-all onct git losted in thar, you jest as good to figger on *staying*, thouten you done blaze yo' way. Don't *nobody* cold-out know all them slews; and you cain't most never tell where-all yo' at with ever'thing all yopped-up that-away.' ('Yopped-up' is a lovely phrase—'messed up,' 'muddled' it means.)

Perhaps the most pleasant evening was that spent at one of the rare bridges, camped near the bridge-tender's little house. We were invited to it to drink coffee after we had had our meal (Robert, my Florida companion, cooked), and we sat there and chatted with mother and fifteen-year-old son. Later Robert felt the need to stretch his legs while I lay in the tent and smoked, and walked the half-mile or so to the little hamlet: he had a story to tell on his return, of a village girl who in the dark had taken him for a village-Robert and hailed him by name, to his astonishment—with this unusual introduction they got friendly, and walked together, and she took him to her home and played hymns to him. (Yes, I know; but that was the story he swore to.) Later again a boy from the village brought his fiddle and joined the bridge-boy's guitar: they played old tunes, practising for the 'square dances' that are a feature of country life here (and if you have never taken part in one you don't know what real unspoilt dancing

can be). I fell asleep to 'Cluck Old Hen,' which is (you may know the fact) the tune that Shakespeare used for 'Heigh-ho, the wind and the rain'; and woke with a mocking-bird sitting on one of the guy-ropes and running casually through fragments of its limitless repertory.

Birds abounded, herons chiefly, the big grey-blue beauties; and annoyed black-and-white kingfishers, and hawks, and buzzards. Humans were very rare, even at those bluffs: elsewhere we saw no one but occasional fishermen, going up in their motorised rowboats to look to their many lines, attached to stakes planted in the mud or to wires strung across slough-mouths—catfish seemed to be their chief catch. We could never decide from what habitations they came in this wilderness: many of the sloughs no doubt lead back to the bluffs a mile or so away, but none other than the natives know them. One slough which looked tempting we decided to explore, cautiously, with incessant halts to be sure we were not getting 'yopped-up': we found a casual log lying just below water-level not far from the entrance, just deep enough to make the passage of a canoe or small boat impossible without removing it. At the same moment Robert spotted a five-gallon glass jar standing near the water's edge, and we heard an unconvincing 'scrooch-owl': we left hurriedly, at his urging—bootleggers running an illicit still do not encourage the curious visitor.

The trip ended at Welaka: we could have gone on down the St. John's to Jacksonville, our destination, but this river was too wide, unfriendly after the secretive, hushed little Oklawaha, so we decided to finish by road. Small boys, interested as everywhere, goggled at the boat as we unbuilt and showed its apparent fragility: 'I'd be right smart oneasy in a boat like that,' said one of them; 'dogged iff'n I'd row across the river thataway.' Another flashed

into anger at him : ' Why, you sorry jessy ! I'd jest as lief go to Jacksonville in it, excusin' it might could blow too hard. Why, I mean they jest perfectly enjoyed it, all two of them ! '

He was right.

Jacksonville, Florida.

MAIRI.

*Unquiet my heart
When she is near,
As the woods
In the young year.*

*Wilder my thoughts
Than birds that soar
In blue air
By the lake shore.*

*Would she but hear
The songs I made
By the brook
In the hazel glade.*

*Oh, heart be still
And let her pass,
As grey mist
On the sweet grass.*

*And dream of her
With the dark eyes,
When stars come
And a wind cries.*

JOHN IRVINE.

Belfast.

STORM LIGHTER.

BY VIOLET CAMPBELL.

THE water swelled up with a heavy and sullen movement over the pebbles : it sank through them, hissing, leaving them darkened, wet, dimly gleaming. Their colour was leaden, the same colour as the sea, the same as the sky where the mist still obscured the rising dawn.

Julia went down to the very edge of the water. She scumbled the wet pebbles under her shoe, excitedly happy, smelling the salt in the air, feeling the cold strangeness of the early morning. 'This is fun, this is an adventure,' she felt, 'this is the sort of thing I really like.' For even going for a trip with a fisherman was better than lying around on the sand all day, smothered in oil, like a sardine, which was all the other visitors seemed to think of. Getting up in the dark in the little hotel bedroom, creeping downstairs noiselessly so as to disturb no one, walking alone through the misty sea-lane that was so silent one's footsteps echoed like cannon shots, all this was really rather amusing.

A cold tongue of the sea suddenly swept over her ankles, drenching her thin stockings and canvas shoes. The shock of it took her breath : the sea's arrogant indifference exposed it at once as something powerfully alive.

A step crunched above her on the shingle. 'Ah, you're 'ere, miss. Didn't expect a lady to be so punctual.' He coughed apologetically. 'Dull mornin' it looks ; but they'll be bitin'.'

He wore a dark beret, a blue high-necked jersey and huge sea-boots into which his trousers were tucked : the soles of

his boots were thick and white like a Chinaman's. In a business-like way he strode to his boat, cast off the painter, rummaged about within her : then raising her to an even keel braced himself against her side. 'Aye, you need two to this job,' he said heavily, 'one a' each port.' Eagerly Julia came forward. 'Let me help !' she cried. She laid both hands on the gunwale, prepared to push.

Nothing happened for a minute ; then all at once, with a steady and grinding movement, the vessel slid from under her fingers, the man racing beside it down to the sea. Her uselessness having thus been made manifest, Julia was left to walk soberly down to the boat. The fisherman gave her a hand.

'Step sharp, missy,' he said. 'You London ladies don' like to get wet, I knows.'

'I'm wet already, and I *hate* the word "missy," and "London lady," too, for that matter,' thought Julia, but she didn't say this ; she was far too busy climbing in over the boat's high nose, and after that finding a place to sit on that wasn't wet, dirty or piled with ropes and tackle. The fisherman stood up in the stern, zigzagging his blade through the water. He was full of talk, he pointed out everything. In a few minutes they reached the motor-boat at her moorings, transferring themselves from this to that. The tarpaulin was lifted, the engine set going, the motor chug-chugged through the lumpy seas, the shore became a jagged line rapidly sharpening in the growing light, yet rapidly falling behind. And as soon as the boat took the swell the rocking motion was so bewildering yet so intoxicating that all other thoughts left Julia : she sat enchanted, wrapped in the sound and the scent of salt water. Chatting continually, the fisherman threw out the lines, baited with spinners, knotting their free ends round flat pieces of cork which he thrust

below the thwarts. Out into the grey sea they chugged slowly, the lines streaming behind. Suddenly the water ahead became alive; the whole surface was broken by innumerable dancing flashes, like a boiling crust laid upon it: the fisherman changed his course, chasing this tumult, which retreated even as he advanced. After a few minutes, with some anxiety, he pulled up his lines: from the last one there flashed into the boat a kicking, jerking slip of green and silver.

'Live bait,' said the fisherman happily, his fears dispelled: he took the mackerel's head between his knees and from each flank just above the tail he cut out a silver wedge shaped like a fish. With these he re-baited the lines, flinging them wide, letting their weights run them through; the bloody mackerel, leaping convulsively, fell to the bottom of the boat.

Frozen, Julia stared at it. The striped body arched and twisted, then stiffening, quivered from head to tail: it opened its bloody jaws wide, wider, its gills extended hideously, preposterously, as if to force from this unknown world some means whereby to live. Its dying agony made her feel quite sick: she turned her eyes away; at once they encountered the sea's horizon, calm, untroubled, and on its edge a grey finger pointing, silent and stately.

'Aye, that's the light'us,' said the fisherman. 'We'll be tacking between that an' these rocks now, followin' the shoals. You keep your 'and on that line, miss, keep a'swingin' it. That makes 'em bite quicker; we can't afford to miss the fish.' He pulled up another as he spoke, twisted the hook from its jaws, dropped it into the boat: it added its leaping body to the pile.

'I—I'd rather—couldn't we, instead, go over the light-house?' asked Julia faintly.

He settled his back comfortably against the stern and let himself go. 'Sorry, missie, that you couldn'. For why? No visitor's even bin up that lighter in livin' memory, except one, a Miss Stevenson, daughter of the keeper way back when it was built. But she were crazed a bit, poor thing, and they do say she went up so as to throw 'erself down, in revenge on 'er sweet'cart, if you understand me. But she didn' do it, for the tide went down an' left the rocks bare an' I reckon they looked cruel-like, an' she thought of 'erself lyin' broken on them rocks an' she didn' want for 'er lover to see 'er like that. Anyway, they got 'er down at the finish with a rope around 'er; an' after that she turned religious for a bit, an' then she started a serciety for feedin' the wild creatures (as if they couldn' feed theirselves!)—an' at last, one wild winter's mornin', when she was gettin' quite an old woman, she was a'feedin' of seagulls, an' she fell down the face of the cliff, an' there they found her, lyin' on the rocks, after all.—There's a fish on your line, miss, 'aul in.'

Julia dragged in the thin cord; the lead came clanking against the side, she pulled up the fine gut: there was a slither, a flurry, a splash, and she was left with the empty hook in her hand.

The fisherman gave her one look. Elaborately he turned away.

'Aye, that were Miss Stevenson, quite a character she were; but no woman 'asn't been up that lighter before nor since. There ain't much to see there, in a manner o' speakin', a small odd-fashioned place it is, dangerous to get at, an' 'ard to climb. Sixty-five feet to the first platform. They say, too, the witches o' these parts laid a spell on it; many a lassie's wanted to go there to fling 'erself down, like, but the good Lord 'as stood up against the witches, an' no one's ever visited the light.'

'But surely somebody goes up there?'

'Aye, surely; the lamp 'as to be tended, else there'd be wrecks. All along the coast there'd be wrecks if that little old lighter wasn't kept goin'! But this is the way of it: the keeper, that's Tom, that's Tom Penguthy, 'e goes over once a week, when the tide serves, an' 'e sees to everything an' 'e sets all goin'—ah, 'ere's a beauty. Now *this* is 'ow to do!'

Hand over hand he pulled in the line over the boat's edge. The water dripped spattering on the boards as he coiled the slack, the taut end raced hissing through the waves, bearing first a flash of pale green, then of silver, then a heavy fish extended and motionless. Swiftly it was raised over the side and in a second its angry flappings sounded from the boards. 'Whiting,' said the fisherman. 'Just pass it back a minute, miss, I'll—'

Julia recoiled. She couldn't touch that living, leaping bloodied agony.

'—that is, if it won't soil your 'ands.'

Her hand lay on the gunwale. It looked incredibly alien—soft, white, unreal, like an exotic flower. London lady! she thought, half-amused, half-saddened. She looked at the hands of the fisherman—encased in deep yellow horn, with extremely thick fingers, unspeakable nails, and encircled round the wrists with a dirty bandage only half-concealing the 'boils' which he had told her he got in cold weather. She shuddered. All the same, his hands looked capable, the hands of a man.

'Aye,' he said, as if following some thought, 'work soils 'ands. It's men 'as does the work of this world: there's no mistaking that. Yes, when it comes to the point, it's men does the work.' He looked at her, as if reckoning up her inadequacies. Then he leant forward and bowed ponderously. 'Except, of course, *sometimes*.'

His belated chivalry, with its absurdly inadequate expression, and his grotesque good manners, convulsed her. What does he mean? She wondered. 'Childbirth? Grace Darling? Nurse Cavell?' She felt hurt, nevertheless.

The boat had turned back and was heading for the shore. A sudden whim assailed her. Quite mad, of course; but why not? Holidays at the seaside can be boring enough, heaven knows. Besides, she felt aggrieved. Helpless, weak, timid, he thought her. Well, she'd show him! 'You say this man, the keeper, goes over once a week?'

'Aye, about that: but 'e's not certain. 'E's 'is own master, 'e works it in to fit 'isself. Yes, 'e's a rare bird, is Tom: a bachelor too, but a wonderful way with wimmin.'

'Would he take *me* up, do you think?'

'You could ask him. You'll be a brave lass if you do. But why in reason should you be wantin' to?'

How could she tell him? How could she explain that it was to comfort herself, because his every action had made her feel alien to this lovely world of wind and water to which she felt she essentially belonged? All at once he turned and stared at the shore. 'Why, there's Tom 'isself! See that chap there, a'signalling to me? I reckon 'e wants me to take 'im out.' He looked at her. 'You're in luck,' he said.

On the farthest point of the promontory he stood, waiting for them—a sturdily built man with a strong brown eye.

'Mornin', Tom, nasty swell outside,' said the fisherman engagingly, as he drew up near the rocks.

'Mornin', William,' said Penguthy. He bore a little basket with him into the boat and sat down, avoiding the fishes' scales carefully. He didn't look much of a Lothario.

'This 'ere young lady wants for to go up into the lighter,

Tom,' said William. The stranger did not even give her the flicker of a glance. 'Taint no place for ladies,' he said shortly.

No more was spoken as they made their way over the water. 'If only the hotel people could see me now!' thought Julia: 'no breakfast, covered with mackerel scales, and about to follow in the footsteps of the mad Miss Stevenson.' Sixty-five feet to the first platform. Somehow the prospect seemed less alluring now it had become a possibility. 'Aye,' said William as if echoing her thoughts, 'many a one's changed their minds when they've come to the place.'

The lighthouse began to loom out of the sea larger and nearer; the tide was low, the rocks were exposed on which the pylon stood, the waves dashed among them angrily.

'Steady now,' said William, 'we don't want to be stove in.' He drew up gingerly on the farther side, where a cemented ramp gave a little security and held an iron ring. Into this he looped his boat-hook. Penguthy got out first, turning to give a hand to the lady: William also, steadying the bucking boat, assisted her: helped thus on both sides she stepped on to a little ledge; whence the first thing she saw, a few feet ahead of her, was the bottom of a ladder.

Outside the building was this ladder, attached to its curved surface only by iron stanchions; its rungs were iron too, as narrow as a finger and over a foot apart, the lower ones green with slime and seaweed. Little by little she forced her eyes to look up. Absolutely perpendicular the ladder ascended, to where, far overhead, a tiny platform showed black against the sky. On her narrow ledge she dared not even put back her head to look up at it, for fear of losing her balance.

'Well, are you a'goin'?:'

She hesitated. Both men were looking at her, Penguthy for the first time. 'Yes, of course,' she said thickly. 'You go first.'

Without a word, hand over hand, Tom Penguthy went up the ladder. 'I mustn't wait,' she thought. 'I mustn't stop to think.' William was saying something. 'A word of advice, in case you've no 'ead for 'eights. Don't look down.'

With both hands she gripped a bar above her, putting her foot on the first rung. A push, and she was up—quite easy, like walking upstairs: except that here you had to find at each step a new grip for your hands. Another rung: another. Her heart began to beat faster—it was hard work pulling yourself up like this. She went up, step after step.

A sharp eddy of wind swept round the building like a snatching hand. 'What'll happen if my cap blows off? I can't let go to hang on to it.' At that thought her wits left her. All of a sudden she wondered what she was doing: she saw herself, a tiny shape, stuck high in mid-air to the ladder, like a fly to a wall. Her hands alone were keeping her there—if she let go, if she loosed her grasp, if she felt she couldn't stand this absurd constriction any more, this absurd and terrific pounding of her heart. . . . 'Don't look down,' sounded the fisherman's voice calmly. She stared straight before her at the wall, four inches from her nose. The stone was quite bare and of a gritty yellow. No barnacles on it, no weed, no moss. Of course not, too high and too windy. 'Oh God,' she thought suddenly, 'here I am, stuck: I can't go up, I can't go down, and it's high and windy.' She was motionless, glued to her stance; she dared not relieve the clenched torture of her hands or raise her trembling and powerless feet. From the confused murmur of waters on rocks far below her a faint cry came up. 'Go

on, miss : go on !' She shifted her balance, one hand tightened and took the strain ; the other groped up for a fresh hold. She was moving again, slowly, painfully : the smooth wall passed new stones under her eyes. Up, up, up. Sixty-five feet to the first platform ! Her breath leapt spasmodically, her heart, mixed with the cold airs, hammered in her ears.

Mechanically, as if propelled by some inhuman will, she gripped, relaxed, moved her straining muscles. The iron bars pressed painfully into the hollow under her instep, the bruise was already hurting where her knee rammed at each step into the rung above. Her forearms and calves were aching unendurably—' I must rest, or I'll let go,' she thought wildly, ' I must stop, if only for a minute !' Her right hand reached desperately for some firmer hold : in that moment a grasp closed on it, it was dragged up, almost out of its socket, the fingers were pressed over and fitted into a groove in some horizontal ledge above : at the same time some warm and powerful lever passed under her shoulders, there was a tremendous heave, and the next moment she was lying sprawling over the ledge of the little platform. Tom Penguthy, rather red in the face, was opposite her.

Weakly she sat up, her back against the wall. ' So silly of me, can't think why I'm breathless,' she said, gasping, trying to smile. She dared not think of the frightful emptiness dropping down sheer just outside that wall. . . .

Penguthy was looking at her levelly, with a sort of reluctant admiration. ' Aye, you'll be breathless,' was all he said. He turned, and wiping his hands on a piece of gun-cotton, walked over to his machines.

Julia looked around. She was in a small dark room enclosed by a circular stone wall. The only light came through a narrow slit above the trap-door in the platform

through which she had just been pulled. On the opposite side a kind of bunk showed faintly, beside two hurricane-lanterns and a primitive cooking apparatus; the floor was filthy and covered with oil: but what chiefly took her eye, filling, indeed, the whole centre of the room, was a large and antiquated-looking piece of machinery.

She sat a while, recovering herself. The man, completely absorbed, seemed to be applying some test to his machine.

He went to the opening of the platform and leaned over. She could not bear to see him. 'William,' he cried: 'I'll be a couple of hours.'

A faint voice floated up. He turned and looked at Julia. 'Well, miss, William's just a'goin' now. 'E's got 'is fish to sell. Now you've been 'ere, are you ready to go back with 'im?'

Julia felt appalled. 'I—I don't *want* to go yet!' she said. 'I—I rather hoped I'd see the lamp or something.' She could not admit that nothing on earth could induce her to face that ladder again so soon.

The man strode to the opening. 'Lady wants to stay,' he announced shortly.

Crossing the room again he pulled himself up by a rope through a hole in the roof. A hasty exclamation followed from above: after a minute his feet descended, and once more he moved swiftly to the platform, looking towards the sea. 'Oyo!' he shouted over the water, cupping his hands to his mouth. 'Will! Will-yum! Short o' petrol. Bring ten gallon. Ten gallon! O.K.'

He looked at Julia then, and for the first time he smiled. 'That's never 'appened before,' he said, as if this was certain to interest her. 'Now there's nothing to be done till 'e comes. Maybe you'd like some tea.'

He lighted the stove capably, brewed tea, brought out

some bread and a slab of tinned beef. 'Lucky I brought me dinner,' he said pleasantly. Her hunger echoed him. When they had fed he carefully tidied everything away.

'Did you say you'd like to see the lamp, miss?' he asked.

'First,' said Julia, fearing there would be more stairs, 'first, won't you show me the things in this room?' He began to talk. He explained the engine; he explained the air-pump; he explained the machine that kept the lamp revolving; and the clock that timed automatically the fog signal, one and a half minutes between each blast. He showed her the huge cylinder that turned continually, running on a bed of quicksilver three inches deep. He spoke of these things personally, as if he loved them. 'At one time,' he said, 'they 'ad to feed the lamp every two hours, like a baby, you might say: shift and shift about two men 'ad to be, and that was a livin' for them both; though 'ow they could 'a' managed with no water and no warmth and little space to store food, I don't know: but now there's this sump that 'olds ten gallon and feeds automatic.' He seemed as proud of the building's primitiveness and shortcomings as of the modern machinery. 'You'd not find another like this anywhere round the isles,' he said. 'They laid a telephone to the shore last year, but a storm washed it away in the spring. Yes, we gets some terrible storms 'ereabouts.'

He appeared to take a pleasure in talking to her. His voice, she noticed, was strong yet modulated, deepening sometimes as if to utter something inexpressibly true. 'The lamp's very necessary 'ere,' he said. 'If you'll go through the trap, miss, I'll show 'er to you. But steady as you go past that machine. That piston ought to be covered, really, for safety: but it's never seemed worth while, no one ever comes 'ere, only me, and I'm neat as a cat.'

He went up first. She grasped the rope, placing her toes

in the notches in the wall as he had done ; and as she did so, he, bending over from above, put his arm round her waist to help her. For no reason at all an extraordinary sensation passed through her at this contact. Startled, she glanced at him. With his back to her he was standing on a little ledge, similar to the one below, and staring up a short ladder. 'We'll use this one,' he said ; 'there's two ladders from 'ere, one a' each side, so you can take your choice in bad weather. A man might be blown off, else. An' this time *you* first.'

She went up in front, he followed. This ladder, being higher, was better protected than the one below, a sort of hand-rail ran along it : but she had in any case no fear of falling, for Penguthy was just behind her, she was between his arms. At the top a panel slid aside, they entered a small enclosed space : and at once were in the presence of something huge, and terrifyingly beautiful. A dazzling cylinder of rose-flushed crystal stood before them, solid, clear, yet cut into a thousand brilliancies. In awe and humility Julia gazed at this. It was the most lovely thing she had ever seen. 'May I touch it ?' she begged. 'No,' said Penguthy. He showed her the tiny lamp inside, whose beam, magnified a million times, threw itself out so many miles to sea. She looked up as he spoke. His face was stained crimson, his eyes and his hair were rose. Her own hands too . . . she saw then that the walls of this place were of crimson glass, their glow suffused everything. Suddenly she hated it. It seemed cruel, exacting, treacherous. 'Let's go,' she implored. 'No. I've come 'ere,' said Penguthy, 'to feed 'er. Watch.' He lifted a can which he had brought with him and poured a clear liquid into a groove : he waited till it sank away, then poured again. 'That'll do,' he said then : 'in any case.'

When they were back in the living-room she discovered she felt afraid of him. He seemed immutable, like a force of nature. She was anxious, too. It was many, many hours since William had left. She would have liked to be back at the hotel for tea. She had gratified her whim, she had seen all over the lighthouse, the day was over, now it was time for an end.

She leaned against the opening and looked out.

The sky was dark and threatening. A swift wind had leapt up from nowhere, on the sea's edge the waters were heavily grey and from it the waves seemed to radiate in an incalculable and restless motion, rolling and slapping and plunging among themselves, their edges spurting an angry little crust of foam. The vague threat of this tumult seemed to answer a nameless fear in her own heart. As if by accident, as if to protect her from falling, Penguthy put his arm on the railing, leaning his shoulder towards hers.

His coat smelt of tobacco and salt water : there was his personal smell as well, a strong smell, like that of fir trees. A tremble ran through her. 'The wind seems to be getting up,' she said, shivering, moving away.

'Yes. It's a rising tide. Them rocks is all awash by now ; soon they'll be under water. When the tide rises, so does the wind. There's less space for the air, see ? Then that air gets stiffened and presses on the water, and it presses the water into waves, and they rise, too, with the swellin' tide, and the strong wind lashes them about.' His voice was calm, but his manner showed a hidden excitement.

He turned away from her. She stood there a long time, fascinated by the working of the water, and thrilled by the rising sense of storm. Every few minutes some wave larger than the rest raced hugely forwards, flinging itself upon the rocks and breaking up into shrill towers of spray. A sense

of tremendous and irresistible power came with it ; when it had passed, already, out of the turmoil, another wave was forming. Exhilarated by the enormous scene she turned again towards the little dark room. Penguthy had just come down from the upper storey. He was moving about quietly and busily. With a deft hand he was clearing up the oil-stains on the floor, filling and cleaning the hurricane-lamps, placing them where their light would fall to the best advantage, drawing out a folding-stool and setting it up by the stove. 'How *fussy* men are !' thought Julia, amused. 'Just like some Edwardian woman in her boudoir !' Then she checked. Something in his behaviour suddenly gave her the picture of a woman preparing a room for her lover. . . .

An intolerable nervousness swept over her. The sure and rhythmical movement of his firm body and hands, kin to the repeated urge of the waves outside, seemed to fall unbearably on her own body and mind.

'That man William seems a long time coming,' she said.

He straightened slowly and looked at her. 'Will's not comin'. I've known for the past hour Will wouldn't be comin' at all.' He paused and flung out an arm towards the sea. 'Can't you see no boat could land in this weather ? Can't you see a storm's a'comin' up, an almighty storm, too ? We shan't be able to get off till that's over. You'll 'ave to spend the night 'ere, with me.'

He spoke impersonally. He came closer then and stared her straight in the face. 'How are you goin' to like that, eh ?'

'This is where I show *no* agitation,' thought Julia. 'Just behave as if it was the most usual thing in the world.'

He did not seem to expect an answer. He busied himself about the stove. 'Tis a nuisance,' he said, 'not gettin' that oil. I'll 'ave to feed the lamp meself. It's a long time

since that's 'ad to be done. Would you like some more tea, miss? There's a little left. There's some biscuits too, somewhere, an' the rest of the beef: not much.' He spread them out; he lighted the lanterns.

They ate quietly, speaking in low voices, listening to the confused thunder of the waters, the whistling wail of the wind and the tick-tocking of the brass clock.

She noticed now that he had set the engine going: a dull hum echoed from it against the rounded walls, and the piston was moving up and down like a handle. A faint vibration stirred through the whole building, and across the slit in the wall there flashed every few minutes a dull crimson beam of light.

Suddenly he spoke again. 'Tis a wonder you ain't married, miss,' he said: 'a lass as pretty as you are. Your lips is as sweet as a rose.' He kept his eyes on his tea-mug as he spoke: his words were impertinent, his manner deferential as ever. Julia was speechless: but she could not feel offended. In any case you can't put on airs, or stress the social grades, when you are alone in a lighthouse with a man whose food you are gratefully sharing.

For some time after this they sat silent. He cleared away when they had finished, and rummaging in the locker pulled out two rough sea-blankets. These he arranged carefully on the bunk: but not to his satisfaction. An old tarpaulin was hanging on the wall; he took this and rolled it up and put it under the blankets as a pillow. 'There,' he said. 'You better turn in, miss. It's goin' to be a wild night, maybe you'll not get much sleep. I'm goin' aloft to feed the lamp.'

He disappeared up the trap, the lantern swaying in his hand, his heavy boots knocking on the stone. A long time passed. At last the boots came into view again.

'You still up?' He put the lantern carefully down by the wall and glanced at the clock. 'Well, that'll go till twelve.'

All at once he strode towards her. 'Come,' he said 'give us a kiss for good night!' He put his hand behind her and drew her to him sharply. From his hand, as it lay on her spine, a thousand feelings radiated, pulsing strongly up and down her body. His power flowed out of him, vibrating like a current. She saw his face close to hers, it was sweating faintly: his steady brown gaze held her, fixed her, compelled her. . . . She made no movement. He dropped his hand and turned quietly away. The place where it had been felt cold, empty, aching, as if a draught blew on it. She sank on the stool, unbearably agitated.

'Perhaps you're not comfortable enough?' he asked after a while, like an anxious host, surveying the couch she had ignored.

'No, no—I don't want . . . I——' She held her breath. A long shuddering shock took the building as a wave struck it, a scatter of fine spray shot up past the slit in the wall.

'Hear that?' he said softly. 'Listen to the storm! Here we are, safe and snug in this little place no bigger than a sea-bird's nest. Safe and warm, and together. I often think o' the sea-birds, lovin' and nestlin' in the dark, sheltered in their crag with the storm around them.'

He paused. His voice grew low and inexpressibly tender. 'Come, lass, you know what I want. Be kind: you want to be. What's a kiss, my pretty?' He put out his hand and touched her arm. His eyes caressed her. 'Are you feared? Don't be feared, little bird: you're bound to come to it. See, lass, we're all alone. There's no one to hear if you did scream. But you won't want to scream. You won't want to do aught but smile and close your eyes and let me love you.'

'Don't, don't! Go away! Leave me alone!'—How paltry, how feeble, the conventional phrases! The wind howled round their eyrie, and on its wings came a high, lonely, desolate bird's cry.

'I am a man, as God made me,' he said urgently. 'Didn't God make me and make this night o' storm, and you and me to be together up here, alone among the high winds? You so fair, and a woman: and I dark and a man; like the sun and the moon, that mate each other at nightfall and at dawn.'

He put his arm round her shoulders. This was the arm that had so surely pulled her into his stronghold. With his other hand he stroked gently the oval of her face. His lips parted in a smile, they were very near her own. She felt his heart beating against her breast, she felt herself dissolving in his embrace. A force as strong as the wind outside stirred within her, sweeping her along to give up thought, reason, conscience . . . to forget, to swoon, to abandon herself to this hour unmatched in reality, hung between sky and sea. Yes—there was a traitor, a traitor within herself! Against this foe she must set her strength. . . .

She closed her eyes, summoning all her powers. Then, suddenly, with the whole force of her body she thrust him from her. He recoiled, he slipped on the greasy floor, he went back brokenly, a sprawling mass of limbs over the machine; and as he went the piston struck him.

He lay there in the corner under the window, hunched up, his face hidden: and above him the beam came round again, cutting the darkness outside once, swiftly, with its red sabre.

An intense silence, like a hollow bubble, began to form itself: in this she seemed to hear only her heart, mixed with the soft thump-thump of the engine. She crept towards

him, noiselessly. She stooped over him : knelt. He was still warm. Do you stay warm after you are dead ? How long do you stay warm after you are . . . ? With a frightful effort she raised his head, twisting his face to the light. It fell back, white, inhuman, stony, this face that a moment ago had been so close to hers. Trembling, she slid her hand down. Where does one feel ? Heart ? Pulse ?—He wore a jersey under his coat : through this there came no movement at all. She took up his hand, trembling again. Under the wrist there beat a faint rhythm. As she held it, through the window above, a shower of spray fell on her shoulders with an icy prick.

Convulsively she leaped away, as if a hand had touched her. 'I must think, let me think,' she thought desperately. 'What do I do now ?—Brandy ?' She rose trembling, looked in the locker. Nothing but biscuits, tea-leaves, a cup and saucer. 'Do you give brandy, anyway, to a man who's been hit on the head ?—Cold water, perhaps ?—There was no cold water ; the little fresh water they had had been used for tea.' She went to him again, took his hands up, rubbed them with all her might : it was no use ; already, rapidly, they were becoming colder.

She sank on the floor and looked at him. He looked worse with his face turned up. If she rolled him over he would lie, just like that : if she lifted an arm and dropped it, it would fall, just like that. She felt violently that she wanted to strike him, to thump him, to kick him, even, to make him rouse, wake up !—at the same time she felt she couldn't bear to touch him any more. She got up and sat on the folding stool he had set for her ; her head on her hands, looking at him. The clock ticked, tick-tock. How long she sat she knew not. 'This is frightful !' she thought. 'Oh God, why did this have to happen ? How can I stay here all night

facing this thing ? ' The wind answered her, stressing her complete isolation from human life.

Suddenly she jumped up and ran round and round the room. She sank again on the stool, panting and trembling. — ' It's no good, I can't escape from him like that ! '—This man who had desired her had achieved her most completely when he lay cancelled, a figure of death.

' I shall go mad,' she thought wildly. She raised her eyes in a panic. They saw the clock—a quarter to twelve. Some association crossed her mind : a swift message, a warning. The next second the red flash notched the window again and was gone.

The lamp !

Without any hesitation, with the most perfect clarity, she saw the picture of what she must do. Not go mad. No, indeed. ' All along the coast there'd be wrecks if that little old lighter wasn' kept goin'.' Perhaps out there in the darkness at this moment a ship was nearing, looking for this light. . . . ' Grace Darling ? ' she thought—' no, the Lady with the Lamp ? No, that's not right either.'—Her head was bursting with fears, and the excruciating knowledge of what she must do.

Ten to twelve, said the clock inexorably. She rose to her feet. Her body seemed weightless. She did not seem to feel anything any more. The rope hung down the wall from the floor above. She seized it and pulled herself up through the trap. Her trembling knees still held her up, she tottered across the boards and groped for the opening : a diffused silvery glow showed the stanchion of the ladder outside.

Could she remember how the lamp was fed ? . . . No, she hadn't the slightest idea.—She leant through the doorway, clutching the first support of the ladder. As soon as her

head was outside the wind took her scalp like a wave of iced water, stinging her hair round her face like whips. Gasping and choking she turned her head aside, to draw breath from the lee under her arm. Thus sideways, groping in the darkness for a hold, she raised herself and mounted the first rung. The wind ran up her skirt and tossed it from her, pinning it to the handrail, wrapping it round the bars of the ladder. 'It's only a skirt, it's only wool,' she thought fiercely, 'I am stronger than it: if I hold on tightly it *can't* drag me off!' She pulled herself up another rung. The immense night swirled around her, filled with huge shapes and spaces, and shrieking with the voice of the storm. Her hands, numbed with cold, could hardly tell if they touched iron or stone. Suddenly she panicked. 'Supposing I get stuck, as I did before? Oh God—Oh *God*, don't let me fall!—Be calm, don't get hysterical. Lots of other women have had to do things like this. Worse. Much worse.' She went up another rung. The wind in her ears took away all sense of reality: the whole forces of her reason were concentrated on four tiny recurring places—the holds for her hands and feet. At last, incredibly, she touched something else—the wooden beam below the opening: the space widened before her in a remembered way: panting, crouching, she slid the panel and pushed herself forwards. 'Oh God, thank you.' She lay, breathing heavily.

There she was, in a place of blinding light, only a few feet away from the enormous dazzling globe. The heat, the light, the sudden windlessness, overwhelmed her. She felt as if to faint. Her limbs seemed to swell to an enormous size and to go limp, like putty. Then she became aware of a quiet, continuous revolution. It harnessed itself to her mind—a calm, slow, sweeping rhythm. She heard the voice of Penguthy, as he bent over his task: she saw the oil

flowing from the can into the socket, along the arm, into the little drum. . . . The can stood in the corner ; three feet high, its spout was nearly as long. She lifted it, bent, poured. The fume of petrol rose about her. In a few seconds the socket was filled. She replaced the cork in the spout, put the can down by the wall. That was all. It was done. It would go now for another two hours. What a fuss, somehow, about a perfectly simple thing ! And how absurd that it couldn't be worked from below—pressing a knob, or something !—The security of this warm place restored her balances. She felt eased, she felt a little sanity flowing back from this nightmare night. Well, that was that. Now she must return. She slid the panel, wriggled to the ledge and looked out.

Instantly the full force of the gale struck her. Shielding her face, she looked up. Across the furious sky the clouds raced, torn into pieces by the wind : a break in their shaggy canvas showed for a moment the moon, cold and remote. Below it, at an infinite distance, lay the sea, its waters black and shining and lighted with grey on their crests. To look down thus tore the heart out of her body. There was nothing below her, nothing. The emptiness rushed up and hit her. The wall of the lighthouse fell down sheer : the ladder was, in any case, perpendicular : seen thus from above, it seemed, horribly, to be sloping *away*. . . . She drew her head in violently, feeling dizzy and sick. Nothing on earth could make her go down there.

She lay down beside the lamp. It was terribly hot. She began to sweat. The glare was terrific, she could not bear it. She closed her eyes against the light and instantly a crimson curtain descended, torturing her mind. She dared not think of the man downstairs, lying so white and quiet with the crimson stain spreading on his brow. . . . The

very marrow of her bones seemed to be melting. The metal of her watch burned into her wrist. Her watch! Yes. She was glad she'd got that.

At two o'clock she rose and fed the lamp again. Again she lay down.

At four o'clock she rose and fed it once more. ('Just like a baby, as you might say.') Once more she stretched herself by the burning edge of the monster. Her limbs were flaccid and utterly weary, her clothing was drenched with sweat, her eyes smarted intolerably. But she hardly knew this. The whole world had narrowed to one tiny room, one dissolution of heat, one huge blinding globe that revolved, revolved, revolved. . . .

Drowsiness crept over her. It was so hot, so silent. There was only the pulse of one's own body and this was driving the globe around. . . . This was driving the world around . . . it's *Love* that makes the world go round. . . .

Suddenly she wakened: a noise had aroused her. A small knocking noise, like the edge of a boot on a stone. She sat up, startled to the core, listening with her whole body. The storm had lessened: the wind had died.—There it was again, a step, coming up the stairs. Now it had stopped too—whoever it was was listening, too; and watching. Suddenly, she seemed to see him, Tom Penguthy, out in the darkness, crazy with revenge and his blow, creeping up the ladder, a knife in his mouth. But there were two ladders; thank heaven, she had remembered!—She leapt up, away from the sound: *her* ladder was on the other side. 'He shan't get me,' she thought frantically, 'I'll not be here!' The panel had stuck under the force of wind and water, or else her shaking fingers could not urge it. 'Naomi, daughter of Jew Suss,' she thought—'where do I jump from, where?' The panel shot back with a crack: she

swung round, feet foremost, precipitating herself outwards, her foot found the first step : she was outside.

A pearly dawn glimmered through the air. She saw herself going down the side of the pylon, a black fly down a wall, and he, on the other side, stealthily, steadily, going up. . . . Shaking with fear, in jerks she descended : only the horror above could have forced her down. Across the upper flooring she staggered, almost falling through the trap.

He was lying against the wall where she had left him. He still looked rather white : but now he was leaning on an elbow and his eyes held a dazed and friendly expression like a lost dog. 'I was just a'wonderin' where you had got to,' he remarked amiably. 'What time is it?'

She sank to the floor. She couldn't answer him. He was silent too : he seemed to be working something out in his head. 'Ave I been 'ere long?'

'Most of the night,' said Julia faintly.

'Did I—— Who tended the light?' She didn't answer. He looked at her sharply.

'Please don't—please don't ask me. I can't—I can't bear to think of it——'

He passed his hand over his brow. 'We both seem a bit muzzy,' he said. 'What's wrong?'

'Tell me—did you go up the ladder just now? I heard a step tapping—I was terrified. I thought it was you, I——'

'I? No. I 'aven't moved. 'Twould be a sea-bird, tired from the storm, seeking to enter and rest.' He spoke absently : below his words his recollection seemed to be stirring. He sat straight up and stared at her. 'I reckon you hated me last night,' he said at last. 'Can't think what took me.' She looked at him gently.

'No, it wasn't you I hated. It was something in myself. I don't know. Never mind,'—All at once her fears, her

passions, fused into a sort of pity for him. He looked so bewildered, so white, so hurt.

'I will kiss you now,' she said. She went over and took his rough face between her hands and kissed him on the brow where the wound had dried.

'Thank you,' he said. 'I knew you had some natur' in you, lass.' A little smile twisted his face. 'Don't understand wimmin, never did. Shouldn't ha' thought any but a mother could 'a' kissed like that.'

He rose to his feet pretty steadily and looked round the room. His mind seemed to be coming back by stages to the beginning. 'Whatever could 'ave kept old William?'

Faintly, coming up from the sea below, a shout hailed them. 'Tom? You there? 'Tis I. And I got yer petrol.'

Penguthy strode to the opening. 'And a darn long time you been about it,' he cried.

'Well, what with the storm, and—and——'

'All right. Let's 'ave it now.'

He let down a rope from the platform. The drum was tied to it, the rope was hauled up. Penguthy opened the drum and poured its contents into the main sump. He wound the clock, he shut the locker, he put away the lanterns: and then he turned to Julia. Under his workaday manner he seemed to be begging her for something. Her silence, perhaps, she thought. 'You ready to be goin' down now, miss?' he asked.

Julia paled: there was still that ghastly ladder to descend. At the bottom of it was the tiny white face of William, looking up. She remembered the mad Miss Stevenson. 'Couldn't you get me down with a rope around me?' she asked.

Without a word he knotted the rope under her shoulders.

It smelt of petrol, but it gave her comfort. For the last time she started again to feel for bars and rungs. . . .

'Lost your nerve a bit, missy, eh?' said William, untying the rope at the foot. 'Tremblin' too. Dear, dear! Well, I daresay it's a bit scarin' for the likes o' you. An' here comes Tom. Well, Tom, I'm sorry I was late with the ile.'

They all got into the boat; soon it was chugging familiarly over the water. Nothing seemed different. Even the mackerel scales were still everywhere. Julia looked at her skirt. It was torn, stained with oil, and green with slime. A quick upheaval of thought came to her. What could she say to those inquisitive people at the hotel? How explain her absence all night, her wild appearance, her ragged clothing?

'Aye, summat's 'appened since you left, Tom,' said the fisherman. He still sounded apologetic. 'Two of them flyers in this new Air Race landed 'ere 'bout midday yesterday; what with 'earin' about 'em I got delayed with yer ile. When I was ready there was a tidy sea runnin' and a gale of wind: I couldn' get to you, and they couldn' get off neether. The whole village 'as been around 'em a-watchin' their machine. At las', come nightfall, they was frettin' mad with the delay, and what finished them was 'earin' over the wireless of another bloke what had got ahead. "Let's risk it," cries one of 'em, "the light'us 'ull guide us for a start, and then maybe we'll get to fly above the storm." So they sets off, we wonderin'. And there was yer little old light, Tom, blinkin' away, steady as the sun. Well, 'ardly was we 'ome again when a chap 'ears their whirr in the sky, and would ye believe it, there they was, landed again, with one wing broken and little life left in 'em. "We couldn' make it," they says, "the wind's too strong. We could only come back again, lookin' for the light'us and the lay o' this

landin' ground." An' I thought o' you, Tom, and the ile I should 'ave give you ; but I knew as 'ow you'd 'ave kept that light agoin', even if it meant feedin' by 'and. So what with mendin' their machine and takin' autographs and that, everyone's been up since dawn and now they've just left for to—

The boat grated on the shingle. From the field near by a crowd was just beginning to disperse. Julia bumped straight into the hotel landlady. 'Oh, there you are, miss. So you've been on the lighthouse ! Well, that would be quite a little adventure for you, I'm sure. Did you enjoy it ?'

Julia leant weakly against the sea-wall. Her agonies, her terrors of the night, her aching limbs and splitting head, her clothing soaked with sweat and salt water, the variety of her emotions, her screaming nerves and the service she had forced from them, passed before her.

'It's a pity you missed seeing the aeroplane ; but the men were working on it all night, and it left this morning.'

'Aye,' corroborated the old fisherman. Some association stirred in him. He gazed at Julia. 'Aye,' he said kindly : 'the work of the world's done by the men.'

Suddenly Julia found her tongue. Her hunger, her tiredness fell away. She felt gay, elated, triumphant. She smiled at the landlady : she smiled at Penguthy : she smiled especially at William.

'Except, of course,' she said solemnly, '*sometimes* !'

BY THE WAY.

Two young clerks were lately overheard talking politics: one, a Socialist, was expounding his creed, to which the other exasperatingly kept rejoining, 'Nonsense.' Finally the Socialist, angered, demanded, 'Well, what are you?' 'A Conservative,' answered his companion. 'Why are you a Conservative?' demanded the Socialist: the other didn't know, but, pressed, said at length that he supposed it was because his father was. It is no doubt a good reason, at any rate in British eyes, to advance for many things: is it quite satisfactory as a justification for opinions, which are—or surely should be—a man's own individual mental equipment? The point which is too important to labour is that the one knew why he held certain opinions and was not only able but eager to give his reasons and seek to convert his associates; the other did not know, could not state, and was indifferent to, his—that is by no means uncommon, and it is at once the strength of the Socialist and the weakness of the Conservative, which, if not recognised and fought, can have in the long run but one end.

* * *

More wit from the Far East:—

'Question: What are Japan's conditions in reaching a settlement with the Chinese?

Answer: Japan wants the complete abandonment by the Chinese of the notion that Japan is their enemy.' (Published by the Foreign Affairs Association of Japan.)

Japanese General (*loquitur*): 'How in the world did they get that notion? Bomb some more towns, shoot 'em up and kill a lot of women and babies—that at least must make 'em see what friends we are!'

* * *

It is, happily, by no means uncommon in my experience for the post-bag to contain a reader's cordial commendation of the CORNHILL : but seldom is that expressed in verse, more seldom is it flavoured with wit, and most seldom is any comparison with any of its contemporaries offered. Hence it was with special pleasure that I received from the pen of one who has been a reader of the CORNHILL for no fewer than 64 years the following commentary, with its felicitous playing on the names and reputes of the only two magazines left which have any serious claim to be considered rivals :

*Between my northern chambers and my big black wood
I have a golden corn hill bearing grain so good :
My chambers are for resting or for reading by the fire
And my big black wood is calling for adventures and desire ;
But my little golden corn hill, ripe and rounded to the top,
Still calls to me to climb it—and I cannot stop.*

* * *

I was writing the foregoing note in the interval of waiting for a business meeting to begin when my neighbour, who bears a name widely honoured in the City, noticing my employment, seized a pencil and wrote down some lines which he passed to me, saying that they were not only his only offering to the Muse but the only piece of original composition for which he had ever been paid. Thus vibrant are the chords of memory. The lines entitled (almost in anticipation of Dan Leno) 'The Curate and the Bee' at any rate establish that what Literature lost Business has gained :

*He stood where she stood
Beside the beautiful snow-white rose :
Gently he bent his head and sighed ;
Then buried his mouth and nose
Amidst the petals so sweet and rare
That the maiden's lips had pressed,
And the bumble bee which was lurking there
Proceeded to do the rest !*

Written many, many years ago—a crime of adolescence—the verse yet has a distinctly modernist ring.

* * *

There are few stories of, or arising out of, the sea more grim than the sequel to *The Wreck of the Grosvenor* (Methuen, 10s. 6d. n.). Mr. Jonathan Lee, who has now written a graphic reconstruction of that terrible journey, which was to take, according to Captain Coxon's optimistic estimate, sixteen days, and was actually only accomplished by six men in one hundred and seventeen—and two more survivors were rescued later—says in his Epilogue that it is 'the story, not of death, but of survival. It is the story of endurance. It is the story, surely, of heroism.' This is an odd set of statements: it is beyond question the story of death, of failure to endure and of lack of heroism at least as much as it is of the reverse—the interest is that it contains both, and in full measure. Mr. Lee has treated it to the technique of the novelist whilst keeping as strictly as possible to the known facts, and he has with considerable selective skill avoided either the fullness of the horrors or the dreariness of repeated days of hopeless struggling—and he has emphasised the heroic side, especially in Lillburne and the child, as strongly as was justifiable. The result is a gripping tale which cannot be read with that stirring of mind which accompanies a re-entry into the world's great records of adventure and hardihood.

* * *

Mrs. Marion Cran has acquired many friends by her successive gardening books: in her latest, *The Garden Beyond* (Jenkins, 10s. 6d. n.), she assumes from her readers acquaintance accordingly with much that is personal to herself, which makes some of her allusions difficult for any new reader to follow; and she goes farther afield. This is in reality less a book about a garden, its title notwithstanding, than a roam-

ing autobiography of recent experiences. The majority of its pages are taken up with an account of the author's visit to her daughter in Kenya, and much incidental talk concerning flowers and plants is brought in ; but the volume also records general impressions of the journeys to Kenya and back by air, of the days spent and visits paid there and of Mrs. Cran's work on her return in connection with the Coronation Planting Committee. It is all very pleasant if readers yield to the personal note and are content to follow and listen to Mrs. Cran wherever her pen takes her : if they do not, they may wish for a little more architectural planning of the book, less about people and more about gardening.

* * *

Under the attractive title *Frontier Patrols* (Bell, 8s. 6d. n.)—which has a suggestion of more raciness than the actual contents bear out—Col. Colin Harding has written the history of the British South Africa Police and other Rhodesian Forces. He has, in fact, written a good deal more than this specialised history and has continually to be recalling himself to it from the wider issues into which his pen strays : that naturally adds to the interest of his book, which becomes the history of South Africa written from the special angle of the Police, though the Police have unquestioned claims to be heard on their own merits alone. Col. Harding says : ' We of the British South Africa Police claim the right to be accounted one of the best regiments of mounted police in or beyond South Africa ; also we assert that off duty we are equal to any in the field of sport '—it is a large claim, but at any rate this painstaking, fully documented record contains all the material needful for an impartial decision as to its acceptability. But Col. Harding is a little severe on British policy : ' in our ignorance we fail to comprehend the mentality of the African native, for we take his country, we take his cattle, we depose his king, burn his home, commandeer his labour,

and commit all these misdeeds under the misnomer of the word "civilization." Then after this rigid confiscation, enunciating a desire for peace, we condescend to dwell in the land we have unlawfully annexed.'

This of our conquest of Rhodesia in 1894-5 : but why start off a chapter with so sweeping an indictment put into the present tense ?

* * *

And so back to England, with all its beauty, history, and charm unequalled. This every lover feels : to few is expression given. But Mr. Llewelyn Powys is among the few. He has now followed up his *Dorset Essays* by his *Somerset Essays* (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d. n.) with Wyndham Goodden again as photographer. The title alone is a little amiss, for he is as much in Dorset again as in Somerset, but no reader will mind. The essays are as fresh and varied as English landscape and there is not one which will not be read with pleasure : Mr. Powys has a timeless sense : the Bronze Age is as real, as equal to him as to-day and perpetually one century recalls another, and he has in addition a most engaging way of starting each of his essays from an entirely original point of view—who, for instance, but he would begin his essay on Corfe Castle, 'When I was living in New York City with my fortunes at a low ebb' ? A book of scholarship, imagination, and simplicity, which will delight a host of readers.

* * *

Another book on England, composed from a different angle but with a similar attraction and a knowledge of English literature which is phenomenal, is W. J. Blyton's *We are observed* (Murray, 7s. 6d. n.). Many readers will recall with great pleasure his *English Cavalcade*, in which, county by county, Mr. Blyton traced the association of writer and place : in his new book he has traced, with that wealth of quotation and illustration which his prodigious

reading has made possible, the English character as observed by English writers from the earliest days of the mystery plays down to the latest commentaries of contemporary novelists. It is a fascinating record and one from the perusal of which no reader can rise without a deeper understanding both of England and the English. It would be possible for a student of these pages to pass with credit an examination into his knowledge of many English writers of all kinds, even of those with whose works he had had no first-hand acquaintance.

* * *

The multitude of books of that special form of the 'literature of escape,' the detective novel, that is, does not diminish: hardly a day passes without some investigation into a murder—committed in such public circumstances that many were present at, or at any rate adjacent to, the scene of the crime—being offered up in print for private solution. It is perhaps a reflection upon the taste of the times, but on the other hand there is no denying that many of these novels are no longer content merely with presenting a puzzle, but offer also excellent characterisation. One of the best of late is Mr. Henry Wade's *The High Sheriff* (Constable, 7s. 6d. n.): Mr. Wade has already given his readers previous puzzles set in a sporting shire; now, with knowledge derived from his own distinguished personal record, he sets before his readers a problem involving not only hunting and shooting but a high dignitary of the shire. It is beyond question an admirably written and ingeniously constructed story: the only doubt left in the mind of one reader at any rate concerns the adequacy of the motive. Murder does in real life remain—even in this tempestuous age—a serious crime; and yet people in fiction contemplate, and execute, it as though it were a perfectly ordinary solution of disagreeableness.

G.

THE 'CORNHILL' COMPETITION.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 172.

PRIZES of books to the value of £1, from John Murray's catalogue, are offered to the two solvers whose letters are first opened. Answers containing the coupon from page iv, must be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, 50 Albemarle Street, W.1, and must reach him by 26th February.

'And in your ——— reach the spot,
Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass'

1. 'All night has the casement ——— stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;'
2. 'Over the mountains
And ——— the waves,'
3. 'The hero's harp, the lover's lute
Have found the fame ——— shores refuse;'
4. 'O Phil ——— fair, O take some gladness
That there is juster cause of plaintful sadness!'
5. 'In the broad daylight
Thou art ———, but yet I hear thy shrill delight—'
6. 'The moonlight ——— in silentness
The steady weathercock'

Answer to Acrostic 170, December number: 'Than petals from blown roses on the grass' (Tennyson: 'Song of the Lotos-Eaters'). 1. Reply in G (Tennyson: 'Blow, Bugle, Blow'). 2. Over (Browning: 'The Lost Mistress'). 3. Sea (Browning: 'Parting at Morning'). Eyes (Thomas Hood: 'Ruth'). 5. Spell S (Francis Mahony: 'The Bells of Shandon').

The first correct answers opened were sent by I. L. Hobbs, 133 Clarence Road, Derby, and the Hon. Maud Russell, Kirkby Mallory, Leicester, who are invited to choose books, as mentioned above. N.B.—Solvers need not be given.

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